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MC CALL'S MAGAZINE



AUGUST
1912

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THE McCALL COMPANY, Publishers, 236 to 246 West Thirty-Seventh Street, New York City
J. H. OTTLEY, Pres. and Treas.

BRANCH OFFICES
112-114 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.
70 Bond Street, Toronto, Can.

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The Man—What's your name, my little man?

The Little Man—They call me "Corns" at school, sir.

The Man—Good gracious! And why?

The Little Man (cheerfully)—'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class, sir.—Fun.

Lady (to returned missionary)—And how was the king of the savages clothed?

Missionary—H'm—principally with authority, madam, and not much of that.

A Sensible Guest-Room

By Alice M. Ashton

LIKE most enthusiastic young housekeepers, I saved all my loveliest bedroom accessories for the fitting up of a dainty guest-room. Many of the things were gifts that I prized very highly, although I see now that this fact could not be understood by the chance guest.

As our home was an humble one in which I did most of the work myself, a guest meant an increase of duties, and a season of unusual gayety and correspondingly careless housekeeping.

My first guest distressed me greatly by the careless manner in which she kept her pretty room. It was the same with the next, and the next. I began wondering if all my friends were careless.

I found the dainty cushions crowded into corners or even on the floor. Spots began to appear on the polished tops of the furniture which I had protected only with a set of embroidered doilies. The elaborate net curtains were soiled where they drew in and out of the open windows at night.

But to be fair to my guests—were they to blame? I tried to entertain them in some way every day. In addition to this they had little plans of their own, calls and walks to enjoy, letters to write, and they invariably gave me liberal assistance with my work. What time did they have, really, to devote to their room? I thought it over carefully. My own room became unusually disorderly at such times, I found.

Then I resolved on a sensible guest-room. I covered the top of the dressing-table, washstand and desk with fitted asbestos covers and then made two sets of hemstitched linen covers with embroidered monograms. These covers alone have saved both me and my guests many distressing moments, for little accidents will occur when one must make hurried toilettes.

Next I provided curtains and counterpanes and cushion covers which were pretty and dainty, but might be washed as often as necessary without injury.

I fitted a small desk with pen, ink, post cards, inexpensive paper and a few stamps. There is then none of the embarrassing experiences incident to offering the use of the private desk.

This rearranged room is pretty and attractive, and far more comfortable than of old. If my guests cannot find time to keep it in exquisite order, it no longer annoys me for I know no damage is done. I wish every hostess who is distressed about her guest-room would take out of it every article having particularly dear associations; for it is safe to say that most of her guests are just as distressed as herself over the signs of use that inevitably appear.

The Man—What's your name, my little man?

The Little Man—They call me "Corns" at school, sir.

The Man—Good gracious! And why?

The Little Man (cheerfully)—'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class, sir.—Fun.

Lady (to returned missionary)—And how was the king of the savages clothed?

Missionary—H'm—principally with authority, madam, and not much of that.



SPEAKING OF THE SPECIAL SEPTEMBER FEATURES



ADELINA PATTI, at the age of seventy-one, is still the reigning queen of song. She is planning for a farewell tour of America—her native land and the scene for forty years of her unrivaled operatic triumphs. Robert Grau, who on her last American visit paid the great diva \$5,000 a night for singing two arias, contributes in September a notable article on the most famous prima donna in the history of song.

VITAL farming problems and the cost of living, is the subject of an illuminating article by Harry Everett Barnard, State Food and Drug Commissioner for Indiana, in the September *McCALL'S*. Dr. Barnard goes straight to the heart of the subject in a way that compels serious interest and attention. It's written for producers and consumers alike.

NEXT month Sarah Dwyer Croombs tells how twenty thousand women are marketing their home handiwork through the Woman's Exchanges of the United States. It is the sequel to her article in this number and is full of money-making hints and suggestions for every woman who can sew and cook.

MISS KITTY GORDON, who is declared to be the best-dressed woman on the stage, has taken time and her pen to tell *McCall* readers next month some fascinating secrets about Dress Magic and Stage Magic.

MARGARET ELOISE DAY, of Clarkston, Washington, won the third prize of \$50 with her story, "Master Oliver's Hidden Treasure," in Our Child Authorship Contest. The story appears in the September number. It is in many respects as remarkable a literary production as the prize-winning stories already published.

REGARDING the fiction, anyone might guess that *A Rag, a Broom and a Kitchen Chair* is humorous. Frank H. Phillips has cleverly condensed a world of fun and sunshine in this delightful story. Lucille Baldwin van Slyke, in *Curfew and the Ogre*, has made a story for summer reading that will appeal to every girl who is forbidden to have callers on the front porch or in the parlor after 10 p. m. Then comes the dramatic conclusion of *The Tardiness of Prince Maximilian*, by Anna Alice Chapin; and the next to last installment of *A Girl and a Suit Case*.

CONSIDERING its importance and conspicuousness in the family, the average baby is shrouded in more mystery than there is any excuse or reason for. Anna Schmitz, of the Long Island Hospital Training School for Nurses, has some common-sense things to say about the care and handling of infants. It's the first of three articles that every young mother should read and keep for reference.

ADVANCE fall fashions will be profusely featured in the September magazine, special attention being paid the new accordion pleated skirts, top coats with clerical collars, a new and incidentally the last word about peplums on the latest Paris lines, and some charming new effects in directoire and other collars. Beginning in September also the magazine inaugurates a series of Paris letters, fully illustrated, giving the very latest information and fashion news notes from the ateliers of the French capital.

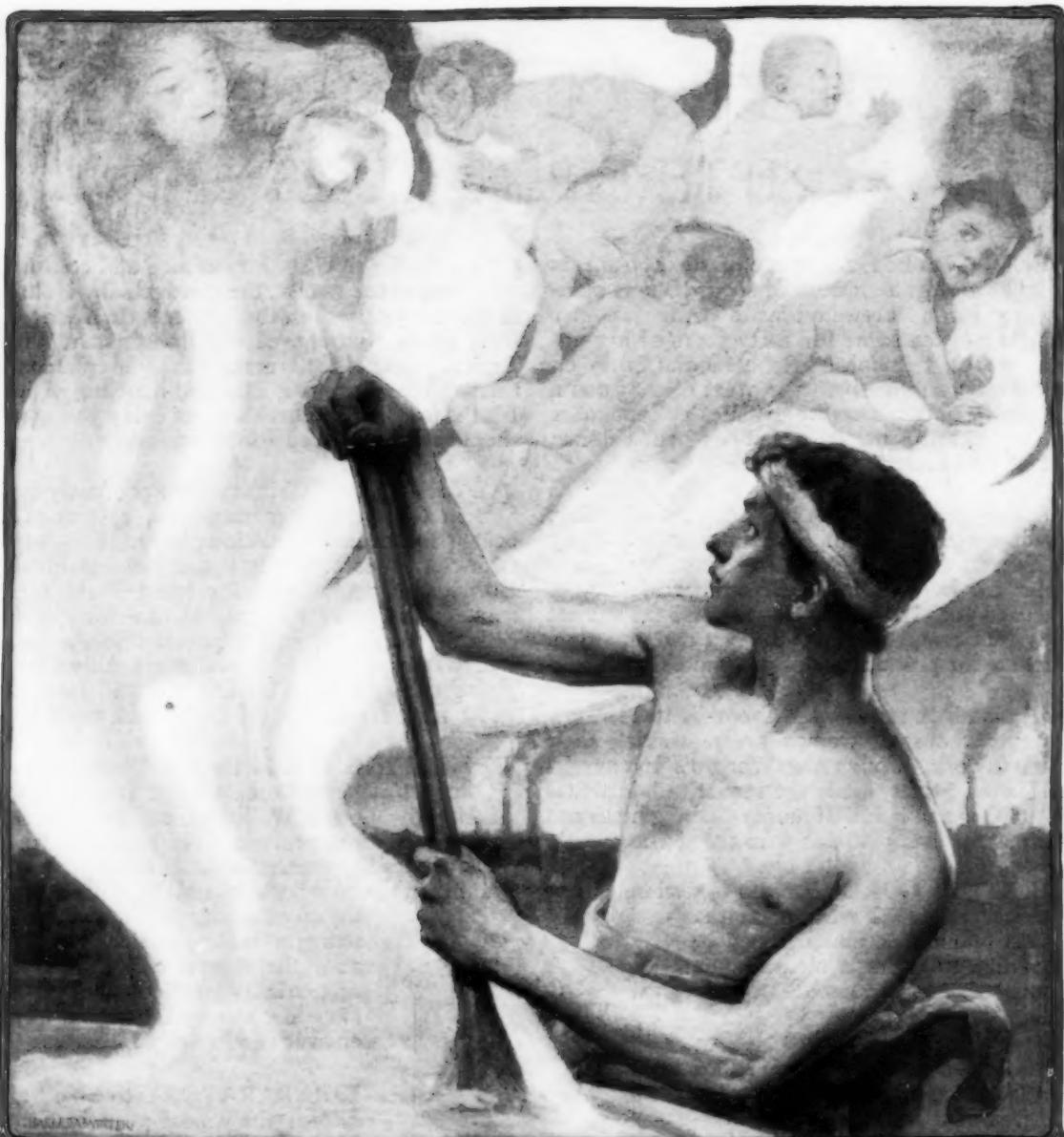
IN KEEPING Life in the Garden and Lawn, by Samuel A. Hamilton, and in Rainy Day Rug-Making, by Louise W. Sneed, are two practical articles of direct appeal and help to the housekeeper. Then comes the conclusion of the notable article beginning in this number about Mayor Ella Wilson and the Awakening in Hunnewell. The struggle between the woman mayor and the town councilmen reaches dramatic proportions and ends in a sweeping victory for the one city mother over the five city fathers.

PREPARATORY to the beginning of the school year in September Mme. Ricardier devotes a page, with illustrations, to appropriate and seasonable hats for the school girl. Mrs. Whitney also gives complete instructions to the home dressmaker on making a boys' Russian blouse suit for school wear. Miss Chase will pay special attention to punch work designs in the Fancy Work pages and Miss Thomas shows in the Needlework Department some charming effects that nimble fingers can obtain in embroidered underwear and cross-stitch work.

NEXT month the Arrow-Plane Girls have the most exciting adventure of their quaint career. They come very nearly upsetting the entire solar system. There will be another instructive report on the Camp Fire Girls, another Common-Sense Beauty Talk by Miss Ayer and a dozen other features not mentioned.

BARONESS CEDARSTROM
(ADELINA PATTI)

ANNA ALICE CHAPIN



The spirit which inspires the making of Ivory Soap, as conceived by Charles A. Winter

Illustration copyright, 1912, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

INSPIRATION

Always is it faith in someone or something that inspires us to lift our work above the commonplace.

IT is the confidence which even the humblest worker in the Ivorydale factories has in the product he helps to make that is the basis of the superiority of Ivory Soap.

It is the knowledge that his efforts are given to an article worth while which inspires him to do his best.

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And as his thousands of fellow-workers share the same inspiration, it is but natural that Ivory Soap should be the embodiment of the Spirit of Cleanliness.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Published Monthly

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office, August 5, 1897

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Vol. XXXIX No. 12

New York, August, 1912

Between You



WHAT eight million women want in this country, is believed by a great many ardent apostles of the so-called Feminist Movement to be the power of the ballot—the voting privilege. What five million women want, in the shape of a monthly magazine, is likewise of immediate interest and importance to us who are building this magazine. Five million or more readers is an immense audience for any publication—and yet, considering that there are more than sixteen million families in the United States and that every copy of this magazine issued, for instance, is read by probably five or more persons, the importance of giving them what they want and what will be helpful and cheering and wholesome becomes at once apparent.

SUPPOSE, therefore, we have a sort of rocking-chair talk about magazine-making. Possibly you are one of the great number of subscribers who have been reading McCall's month after month for many years. Possibly you have the magazine on file for a long time back. How does this number compare with any of the back numbers? Is it better or worse? Is it more or less interesting? Is it more or less helpful and stimulating? Is it growing in your estimation?

It doesn't cost you any more than it did years ago, although it costs us very considerably more to assemble and place the magazine in your hands. Better and more costly illustrations from cover to cover, better stories and articles, more beautiful covers, and so on. All of which is designed to cement more firmly the old friendships, as well as to add new ones for the magazine as we go hopefully along.

Take this August number. Whether one has a progressive or a conservative way of thinking, it ought to be instructive to hear from six of the greatest living American artists and illustrators how the woman of tomorrow can dress more becomingly. It ought to be interesting to review the courageous stand taken by the woman mayor of a Kansas town to demand and obtain justice for herself under the law. It ought to be helpful to learn how a \$2,500,000 business is run successfully by and for women—seventy thousand of them. It ought to amuse the children to follow the Arrow-Plane Girlies on a cloud-land fishing trip. The fashion pages, fancy work, hygiene, household and other departments ought to be brimming over with hints and helps in the ever-important matters of dress and home-making. And the short fiction stories are the best we could pick from among hundreds of manuscripts carefully read and considered.

ARE they the kind of stories that you are fond of reading? Which of them do you like best? What about the serial story—A Girl and a Suit Case—which, by the way, comes to a cheerful ending in October? Do you want an equally good, if not a better, serial to follow this one? Or would you prefer something else in the same amount of space?

This, in other words, is an invitation for you to look over the magazine keenly and critically—and then to write and tell us what you think. Do not hesitate to criticize as well as to approve. Speak out and up to the level of your honest opinion. Just to add a little interest we will pay



& the Editor



\$10.00 for the best and most helpful letter of criticism that reaches us between now and August 10; \$5.00 for the next best letter, and \$3.00 for a third. No letters can be returned, and we may decide to print one or all of the letters for which we pay. No letter should be more than two hundred and fifty words in length, and they should be addressed to the Editor, McCall's MAGAZINE.



OF COURSE, it is nice to get bouquets—of which all sorts from the neat to gorgeous variety are sent in—but it is sometimes more desirable and stimulating to see a brickbat in the air. Brickbats are partially made of straws, and straws are famous for showing which way the wind blows. Consequently, constructive criticism is most eminently desirable and is cordially invited.



MEANWHILE here are a few comments, more or less complimentary, that have come along recently. Mrs. J. M. B., of Eaton, Ohio, writes: "As your magazine has often been of much help in many ways in our home, I do not hesitate to come for advice now, when it is so much needed."

Mrs. W. A., of Peru, N. Y., writes: "Just a few words of appreciation. The magazine is such a handy size, whether one reclines in the hammock, rocker or on the couch. It seems to me a magazine that every sensible, home-making American woman should read."

Mrs. I. O. G., of Alliance, Ohio, says: "Between you and me the magazine this month is the best yet. I like short stories better than serials, though others have different tastes. I get many helpful hints from the departments, particularly Our Housekeeping Exchange."

Mrs. L. S. N., of Overbrook, New Hampshire, says suggestively: "By keeping the price at a fraction of its real value, you are reaching into the homes of many people who *need* help in many ways, as well as those who *get* it in other ways. It seems to me that one of our national home needs is the spirit and expression of kindness. It would be doing a service to establish a Courtesy in the Home, or some such department."

Mrs. R. T. G., of McClung, Virginia, concludes: "As a new subscriber I feel like I have just met up with an old friend who had improved as time went on until I hardly knew her. I am grateful to the friend."



ABACHELOR millionaire publicly expresses a very uncomplimentary, if not ungentlemanly, opinion of New York women as a class. Incidentally he is reported to be looking for a wife who, according to the requirements and specifications, "must be a woman, not a clothes-horse." It will be interesting to note the success with which his wife-hunting campaign is rewarded.

Meanwhile, there was a time—and it surely has not gone by

When men thought chivalry to be
A pilgrimage in manhood,
Before the shrine of courtesy.

Sure-enough men, in speaking abstractly of women are not generally given to profaning the traditional chivalrous attitude of men toward women. Charity, rather than severity, obtains with the majority. A man who is loud in arraigning women in general is by no means certain to be fair and gentle of speech to one woman in particular.

HOW CAN THE WOMAN OF TOMORROW DRESS MORE BECOMINGLY?

SOME PROGRESSIVE
IDEAS ADVANCED
BY SIX OF THE
MOST FAMOUS
ILLUSTRATORS OF
MODERN TIMES

Told by Harrison Fisher, Arthur I. Keller
John W. Alexander, Wm. M. Chase
James Montgomery Flagg and Alonzo Kimball

EVERY WOMAN
CAN READ WITH
PROFIT AND CARE-
FULLY CONSIDER
THE FOLLOWING
IMPORTANT EDICTS



Harrison Fisher



Arthur I. Keller



John W. Alexander

TEN years ago every woman who made any pretense of dressing becomingly wore clothes exactly like those of every other woman. As a result, some were prettily dressed and some were not. There isn't any style of dress, I don't care what it is, that suits everybody alike. And so long as each fashion—while it lasts—is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, many women will not appear as well as they might. Fortunately, there's much more latitude of choice now than there used to be. But there's still room for improvement. I hope that the dress of the woman of the future will be especially characterized by variety. Each woman ought to choose the mode or variation of mode which best suits her particular type. I believe a real woman knows instinctively what becomes her, only she doesn't always have the courage to wear it.

Then the truly beautiful, the truly becoming, is the truly natural. I think women would look very much better if they didn't wear corsets. I hope that the woman of tomorrow will come to that conclusion. Of course, she must exercise and train herself to do without her artificial supports, upon which long custom has made her depend. But when she finally has thrown them away, she will be amazed at the gain in grace, naturalness and beauty of line. The hour-glass curve which the tightly laced corset makes at the waist gives an ugly contour to the outer garments. The figure of the Greek goddess is still the ideal one, and Aphrodite never wore stays.

The future woman will probably release her foot, as well as her body, from its cramped, pinched confinement. The deformed foot will not be considered beautiful either in the West or in the East. Already the trend is towards the comfortable shoe. For the ballroom, it is of soft satin, which yields readily to the shape of the foot. For the street, it takes the form of the roomy, wide-toed, common-sense boot. The woman of tomorrow may wear something very nearly resembling the sandal.—*Harrison Fisher*.

THE thing I hope the future woman will emphasize in her dress is her femininity. One sees the quality in the evening dress of the modern woman, which I consider unqualifiedly beautiful, but somehow something is lacking at three o'clock in the afternoon. I believe the tailored suit is to blame. A tailor-made woman so rarely blushes! Instead, she walks up to you like a man, with her hands in her pockets and is ready to discuss anything from baseball to bonds.

If the woman of tomorrow will only be the dainty, bewitching, tender, winsome lady of the past—and show it in her dress! I don't mean that I want her simperingly sentimental; but to be pervaded with the charm one mostly finds in old miniatures. Those ladies never wore stiff linen shirt waists and the arrow collar. Why obscure the beautiful lines of shoulder and throat and give such prominence to the hips? Of course, the form of the body should not be cramped out of shape, but why make it so unnaturally obvious? And yet the makers of styles today are beginning to realize this; if only they would abolish the ankle-high peg-top skirt. That type which is usually called "a fine figure of a woman" does not appeal to me. The future woman will be much more beautiful, and therefore her dress will become her better, if she will preserve her slender, girlish figure added to her grace of poise and manner.

Also I trust she will dress her hair more becomingly. The present style is monstrous, in two senses of the word. It never deceives anybody, either; there is plainly nothing human about the popular mountain of puffs and braids that so destroys the character of the head and the line of the neck and shoulder. It is to be hoped, too, that the future woman will discard the high, round, small hat, generally known as the "beehive," and the tall plume that nod-nods with every step of the wearer.

I cannot imagine a form of dress more universally becoming for night or day wear than that worn about 1845. There was the simple coiffure, with the hair parted and brought rippling over the ears, a rose or ornament stuck above the left one. There was the simple, full skirt and the low-cut, pointed bodice with the lovely line across the shoulders, giving freedom to the throat, and that other lovely line from back of the ear to the shoulder. Woman might do much worse than go back to the crinoline age, if only to regain her distinctive femininity.—*Arthur I. Keller*.

IF THE future woman wishes to dress more becomingly than the woman of the present, she will certainly dispense with the hobble skirt. That is an essentially ugly feature of the dress of the moment. It is ugly because it impedes the movements of the wearer and therefore makes her awkward. Watch her try to step over a mud puddle at a crossing, or climb into a street car. An ungainly woman never looks well-dressed, no matter how beautiful her clothes may be in themselves. I have seen only one costume more unbecoming than the hobble, and that is the advance design of the pannier skirt, which seems to be a sort of marriage of the hobble and what we used to call the Grecian bend. Heaven knows how it ever got that name—the Greeks would have fled from it in horror! The much-maligned hoop skirt is to be preferred to such an anomaly, and were it not for our modern methods of transportation, I should suggest that the woman of tomorrow might do worse than give the hoop a new lease of life.

Seriously, however, the most becoming costume she can choose is one molded after Empire models. She ought to realize the primary importance of line in beautiful dress. The advantage of the Empire costume is that it shows one long, exquisite line from shoulder to skirt-hem. There is no ugly narrowing down from hips to ankles, but a straight, sheer fall below the graceful, not too sharp, curve at the waist. The contours of the bosom are charmingly revealed.

The future woman, as her sense of fitness becomes intensified, will certainly eschew the slight modern tendency toward masculine raiment. She will very likely give up altogether the tailor-made suit, which is a concession to business rather than becomingness. She will cling firmly to all the soft feminine frills and flounces, taking care only that they do not interfere with line. And she will make a more careful study of color, avoiding, on the one hand, the Scylla of too many hues, on the other, the Charybdis of monotone.—*John W. Alexander.*

* * *

IF THE future woman is to dress more becomingly, we must first of all educate the dress-makers. There are a few—I am thinking of one house in London particularly—who have already arrived. I have never seen anything to complain of in their creations. But of the vast majority I could not say as much. Modistes ought, in the very first place, to pay much more attention to line. Then the fat woman would no longer wear costumes with the lines going across her body and increasing her unwieldy bulk. Every woman ought to try to look tall, whether she is or not, and longitudinal lines in her clothes will help her to this effect. I believe Dr. Sargent says that the height of women is increasing, but it is not yet sufficiently noticeable to enable them to dispense with long, flowing lines of dress.

And then, after the dress designer has perfected his lineal expression, he should take up the subject of color. My eyes are daily offended by the color combinations I see worn by women. Every season certain shades are named "popular," and blondes and brunettes rush for them without even stopping to consider their own natural coloring. It is not to past modes, not even to pictures, that the dressmaker should go in his search for harmonious coloring. It is to Nature. She never offends. The green of the rose-leaf is the perfect complement to the crimson of the flower. And the butterflies! If I were planning to set up a dressmaking establishment, do you know the first thing I would do? I'd get a complete collection of Brazilian moths and butterflies. They show indescribably gorgeous and yet harmonious coloring. The most beautiful and bizarre tints are combined with exquisite perfection.

When the dressmakers once understand how to construct costumes perfect in color and line, the next step will be for each woman to find the styles most becoming to her and stick to it. So long as fashions change every season, many dresses are otherwise bound to be unbecoming to their wearers.—*Wm. M. Chase.*

* * *

THREE are two questions connected with dress that are of greater importance than any particular style. One is, "Who made it?" The other is, "Who wears it?" Personally, I think the average of becomingly dressed women is pretty high today. But as an optimist, I am bound to conclude that it will be higher tomorrow. How will that be brought about?

Present fashions suit me. I think them infinitely preferable to the hoopskirt, for instance, which suggests elephantiasis of the hips. But it really doesn't matter whether Empire gowns and large hats continue to be worn ten years from now, or whether the wheel has turned up some other number. What will matter immensely to the clever woman who wants her clothes to become her is whether an artist has been concerned in the making of those clothes.

Almost any fashion which is universally worn seems beautiful for the time being. The woman of tomorrow will probably attempt no violent changes in the regular recurrence of the modes. The point on which her attention will be concentrated will have to do with a more universal prevalence of good workmanship. Today the most beautiful clothes are constructed by real artists, men whose medium happens to be silk or velvet instead of paint or clay. They have a perfect understanding of balance and grace, the qualities by which an artist always judges a costume.

There will probably always be a preponderance of ready-made clothes. There are always ready-made faces and figures to match. But a woman of taste, today, can make a very attractive appearance (provided, of course, that her features are in the right part of her face, and her chest, arms and hips are distributed with some attention to symmetry) in ready-made clothes if she cannot get the other kind. The ready-made standard is higher than it used to be. As the chorus lady said, "A perfect figure saves you a lot of money."—*James Montgomery Flagg.*

* * *

THE woman of tomorrow should follow the example of the woman of today who decides to have her portrait painted. This wise woman invariably wears, during her sittings, a gown which will not "date." A dress, as well as a play, dates when it shows unmistakably that it is the product of a period definitely past. And the ideal dress, like the plays of Shakespeare, is "not for an age but for all time." If she is wise, then, the woman of the future will have designs for her dresses that are neither extraordinarily full nor extraordinarily scant. The trimming will consist of Oriental embroideries or rare old laces, adornments that are beautiful in every period. There will be no exaggerated concessions to a mode that can be only momentary because of its very absurdity. If the future woman stops playing hob with the sleeves of her frocks she will bring about a tremendous improvement in her looks. The balloon, or leg-o'-mutton sleeve, was an atrocity. The sleeve with the big bag coming below the elbow was little better. The truly consistent and beautiful sleeve is the one which reveals the outline of the arm itself. If the woman of tomorrow wears any sort of covering on her arms, she should keep it as simple as possible.

When she wears a hat she should choose a large one. The small, high-crowned hat, pushed down over the forehead and frequently over one eye, is unbecoming to nearly everyone. In a high wind a veil is more comfortable and more artistic than the small hat. Finally, the woman of tomorrow will do well to avoid the elaborate coiffures of today.—*Alonzo Kimball.*

Greek Lines and Sandals, urges Harrison Fisher—Be More Feminine, says A. I. Keller—Taboo Hobble Skirts, pleads J. W. Alexander—Other Brilliant Artists Speak Frankly on the Subject.



W. M. Chase



James Montgomery Flagg



Alonzo Kimball

The Tardiness of Prince Maximilian

By Anna Alice Chapin

Illustrations by Gordon Grant



THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY A VERY LARGE AND STRIKING-LOOKING MAN



AM so glad that it is becoming proper to have tea-parties in bachelor quarters," said Valerie, settling herself deeper in the big leather chair. "Now what woman ever even sees a chair like this? Look at Auntie!—Auntie is as thrilled as if she were exploring heathen Timbuctoo! Auntie, darling, the Count's tea is ever so much nicer than ours.

"I believe," Mrs. Marchmont remarked severely, as she took another cup, "that it is merely because it's made in the Russian fashion, with rum, and wicked things like that. My dear Count, you have a charming Yoshida there!"

"Auntie, you are not at a 'private exhibition.' It is only in French novels that ladies are invited to garconnières to look at artistic collections!"

"My dear Valerie—really!"

"You see," Valerie explained to Count von Grautzig, as she nibbled cakes, "Auntie is trying to bring me up as a model débutante. But I have lived most of my life in New York, and, of course, that is a bit of a handicap for a model débutante!"

"I am sure," declared Von Grautzig, in his careful German way, "that whatever Miss Marchmont desired to be a model for—"

"Please," begged Valerie earnestly, "begin that over again. I so seldom get a full-fledged, genuine complement, that I want to learn it by heart!"

*

MRS. MARCHMONT smiled indulgently at her pretty niece. Valerie was, in spite of her small unconventionalities of speech, a most satisfactory young thing to be bringing out in Washington society. "She is so young!" she sometimes sighed to her husband. "She makes my heart ache, she is so young!" . . . The good but wordly lady had only one regret, that Valerie should already be engaged—or nearly so. Although there was no formal betrothal, there was a vague sort of understanding between her and Ferdinand Arnett, under secretary at the British Embassy. Still Mrs. Marchmont consoled herself by reflecting that though the lad was young and not rich so far, he was ambitious and able, according to the verdict of his senior diplomats, and—who could say?—Valerie might be an amazzone one of these days if all went well!

Ferd Arnett, a big, fair, too-heavy Englishman, was in rather a sulky mood today. He usually was, when he went anywhere with Valerie. Perhaps it was because he did not feel as yet at all sure of her, perhaps because he was born so, but at all events he was incorrigibly jealous—even, as today, of Hugo von Grautzig, one of his best friends and a man twenty years his senior.

The little tea had been given for Miss Marchmont, and von Grautzig, a diplomat of many years' experience, first secretary to the German Embassy and a man of high personal distinction, had collected a very pleasant little crowd of exactly the right people to meet Mrs. Marchmont and her attractive niece. Now, the afternoon was nearly over,

and most of the guests had gone. The Marchmonts lingered still in the quiet, softly-lighted room, lined with books and pictures, with the firelight playing over the tea things and that wonderful samovar which had been a present to von Grautzig when he was military attaché in Russia.

"We are really trespassing!" Mrs. Marchmont suddenly exclaimed, reaching for her furs; "I know that you diplomats have schedules for every hour of the day and night! And when does His Royal Highness arrive, Count von Grautzig?"

"His Royal Highness," the German replied dryly, "will come, if you will pardon the vulgarity, when he gets ready! His Royal Highness is nothing if not eccentric."

"It is really quite an occasion!" the lady declared, as she drew down her veil, and peered into the shadowed mirror to catch a glimpse of the becoming gray curl which fashion just then permitted to hang down behind the left ear of an elderly woman. "A Prince of the Blood coming incognito to Washington! A genuine Royal Prince, own cousin to—. My dearest Valerie, you will have to practise a real drawing-room courtesy!" *

"THEY say, growled Arnett, "that the Prince is an awfully bad lot!"

The German shrugged his shoulders with a deprecatory gesture. "My dear boy," he said, tolerantly yet ironically, "the Prince is, after all—only a Prince! We must always remember that he has never had an opportunity to learn how to be—a man!"

"Have you a photograph of him?" asked Valerie Marchmont, eagerly. "I'm wild to see him, you know! I've never seen a real Prince, and I adore royalty! I think the worst sort of king is worlds nicer than the most splendid politician!"

"I have no likeness of His Royal Highness by me at the moment," said von Grautzig formally. "Somehow he gave the impression that while he might criticise his Prince himself he would not have American upstarts even approach the august name with levity. 'Mrs. Marchmont, the light is insufficient, *nicht wahr?* Permit me!' He flooded the room with electric light, for it was growing dark outside.

"Lights already!" exclaimed Mrs. Marchmont glancing at the clock. "And it is only five! One realizes that winter is really upon us. Valerie, my child, you look like a kitten that someone has just waked up very inconsiderately!"

Valerie, still curled in the great chair, blinked at the light, and further bore out the feline suggestion by stretching with child-like abandon, before she got up. She had changeful, sea-blue eyes, and a mass of red hair which had made her the most noticeable girl in the young set since her début. She was a lovely, vivid young creature, with a bravely-held delicate head, and lips that were just a shade too wistful and dreamy in repose.

"Ugh!" She grimaced. "I hate light! They say that those who do ill always do. Auntie, would it be improper for a model débutante to walk home after dark? I do want the air!"

"Oh my dear, why not the carriage? You are *so* peculiar! Oh, well, I suppose as Ferdinand is with you—! I don't think it is really quite proper, but—walk if you like, dear! Count, we have had a delicious afternoon. So altogether nice of you! Good-night!"

She sailed out with Arnett in attendance. Von Grautzig was bowing over Valerie's hand. The girl's brilliant little face was framed in a smother of white fox; she was looking altogether adorable. "Fräulein Valerie," murmured the kind and sentimental German, "you are the spirit of eternal youth!"

As she too left the room, followed by the Count, they were confronted just outside the door by a very large and striking looking man, who stood and stared at them with a frank and smiling curiosity. He was a very splendid creature, Valerie thought, with thick brown hair growing silver

at the temples, a dark, glowing face and a military mustache. His eyes were brilliant hazel, looking as the light shone in them almost golden.

"Good-evening!" he remarked, with a strong German accent, and the military bow which Valerie had grown used to among the foreign attachés. "Hugo, do not say that you have forgotten me!"

Hugo von Grautzig, after a muttered exclamation, stood and gazed at him as though he were anything but forgetful. His look however was not entirely warm.

The stranger laughed a singularly delightful, well-bred laugh. His eyes shot to Valerie's with a look that tingled yet was entirely respectful.

"Come, Hugo!" he continued, coolly. "You are not suddenly struck dumb, are you, my dear fellow? I have taken you by surprise, eh?" He turned to Valerie with an oddly assured little bow. "The Count has lost his voice!" he informed her cheerfully. "Permit me to introduce myself: One of Hugo's oldest and best friends, Max Heinrich, of Germany!"

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HE WHEELED back to von Grautzig, and laughed impudently into his astonished face. "You will vouch for my respectability, *nicht?*" he said.

"I am not certain, sir," replied the German diplomatist coolly, "that I will!"

"*Unbarmherzig!* At least, my good, my virtuous, my conscientious Hugo, you will guarantee that I come of a respectable family? Come, you might concede so much to—the house!"

"Your family, sir, is of unimpeachable standing!" said Count von Grautzig, looking at him. "Miss Marchmont," he bowed slightly to Valerie. "Permit me to present you"—he appeared to stumble over the form—"to present *you*, Herr Heinrich. He is, as he says, a very old acquaintance of mine."

"We were in the army together!" smiled the other. "A thousand thanks, my beloved Hugo, for your graciousness! You were escorting Fräulein Marchmont—?"

"To her aunt who is waiting below in her carriage," said von Grautzig without enthusiasm. "If you will excuse us—"

"Ah! I am charmed! I long to meet *die gnädige Frau Tante!* Lead on, my Hugo! Fräulein Marchmont and I will follow!"

He was laughing again. He and von Grautzig looked full at each other for a second; then the latter turned on his heel with a shrug, and led the way down the corridor with what Valerie always called his "most Prussian officerish air."

Mrs. Marchmont was a trifle bewildered. "Any friend of the dear Count's, of course!" But she was not altogether satisfied with the tone of von Grautzig's introduction. Herr Heinrich, however, was quite at his ease. He stood at the door of the brougham and chatted for a minute, and when he learned that Valerie purposed walking home, decided with ardour that it was precisely what he was burning to do himself. Arnett had not taken to him, and glowered as he bowed perfunctory satisfaction at the unexpected third. But Valerie was secretly delighted. She would have been a stupid woman if she had failed to appreciate that Herr Heinrich was enormously attracted by her and proposed to make the most of every minute which he could contrive to spend in her society. She was even more delighted, under her demure unresponsiveness, when Heinrich, with a fresh access of impudent gaiety, pounced on von Grautzig, with the demand that he, too, accompany them. "My excellent Hugo, you grow fat!" he declared. "You need exercise. It is altogether necessary that you

walk—oh, believe me when I say that it is necessary!"

Von Grautzig made a gesture which could only be described as hopeless, and the other German chuckled like an impish boy. So they started, the four of them, Ferd Arnett, crosser than ever, marching along with von Grautzig, and Valerie walking at the side of Max Heinrich of Germany.

"Aha!" exclaimed he as they started down K Street. "And now comes the good hour! The first hour in the streets of a strange city after dark! It is the overture to Romance!"

"Why, how funny!" said Valerie, looking at him in wonder. "Do you feel that way too?"

"All born adventurers do," he assured her, and his tone rang true. "I am asking myself as I walk with you at this minute, what will be the next marvelous thing to happen?"

Though she was thrilled by his mood, she was perverse enough to wish for the moment to keep to the surface of things. "The next marvelous thing," she remarked with portentous gravity, "is that—there is the President walking down the street!"

He was unfeignedly interested. "Impossible!" he exclaimed, as she indicated the solitary frock-coated gentleman tramping rapidly along the dim street, his face thrown in and out of the patches of light from the street lamps. "Has he then no escort?"

"Heavens, no! He's very informal, and trots about by himself all the time."

"He has a true touch of royalty," said the German with animation. "I, too—if I were in a great position—would like to mix with men as one of themselves! What matter if others did not know me? I should know myself to be a—President!"

"Oh, well," said Valerie, "in your country they're fearfully formal anyway. I love crowned heads!"

"So that is the President of the United States!" muttered her companion, looking after the brisk pedestrian who had now turned out of K Street into Commonwealth Avenue just ahead of them.

Valerie looked meditatively at the sturdy frame and strong face of the Chief Executive as he waited on the curb for a passing motor to let him cross.

"I never see him," she said with entire seriousness, "without thinking what a perfectly splendid pirate he would have made!" Her companion laughed out, and she hastened to add, "I don't mean anything uncomplimentary; quite the reverse. My ideal is a pirate!"

"Do you really feel," he asked gravely, "that your soul's—affinity you say here, don't you?—is to be found under a Black Flag? You know, one would never suspect you of that!"

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SHE made a small grimace, just visible in a passing light. "It's no use!" she said with plaintive petulance. "No one will take me seriously, because I am a debutante."

"I protest," he cried, laughing. "How did I know you were a—"

She waved her muff in an imperious gesture. "I am exhausted," she proceeded, "with trying to live up to the standard of what a model debutante should be." She stuck up one small gloved finger at a time as she began to enumerate: "We mustn't go to see Rejane, nor read Bernard Shaw—at least, we can read him, but we mustn't like him! And we can see Rejane, if it's merely to improve our French. And we mustn't smoke cigarettes, of course, and not know any actor-person—except Ethel Barrymore, because they were nice to her in London—and we mustn't have the wicked senior diplomats call on us till after we've been out a year; then we can have *anyone*



"YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE MAN, VALERIE."
"SHE DECLARED

call on us—except one very old disreputable Senator, and he doesn't count anyway. You see how trying it is."

"And while conforming to this appalling code of behaviour, you cherish yearnings for a pirate." He looked at her with amusement and interest. There was something else in his hazel eyes, something which she could not get away from, for it was their turn to wait at a crossing under an arc light—something warmly intimate, understanding, sympathetic. A man of great experience with women is apt to wear that look when he chances on one a little more charming than the others. But it was not in Valerie Marchmont to analyse; she found herself deliciously troubled and divinely ill at ease.

And, of course, the other two came up then, and Arnett was more impossible than usual. She could have sworn that von Grautzig had been talking to him, warning him or something. He seemed upset and excited and immeasurably disapproving. It was under the two pairs of unfriendly eyes that Herr Heinrich made his adieu at the Marchmont doorstep.

"Please instruct me," he begged, with a defiant yet confident glance in the direction of the other two. "May a model debutante ask a new acquaintance to call?"

Valerie considered this, conscious of the cold rage of Fred Arnett's eyes fixed upon her. "I think," she said, "that the really correct procedure would be to ask Auntie."

"I see!—But alas!—She is not here now, and I—didn't."

"That would alter the case of course," Valerie admitted, with a little shiver of wilful and exultant daring. "I think—perhaps you would better come anyway!"

She looked up at him, and he down at her. In spite of their strict chaperonage they were a shade more serious than the occasion demanded.

"Tomorrow?" said Max Heinrich very earnestly.

"At five," said Valerie, and there was a little quiver in her voice. "Good-night."

The man threw up his head quickly, and the dim light showed a smile on his lips. Alexander the Conqueror never looked more brazenly victorious—though he uncovered as she went up the steps, and stood in an attitude of emphatic deference.

"Good-night," said Arnett, shortly. "See you later at the club, von Grautzig? good-night, Herr Heinrich."

Herr Heinrich was warmly demonstrative. He was so overjoyed to have met Herr Arnett! Perhaps another time, in his rooms—did Herr Arnett play bridge? Arnett was exceedingly formal and departed in the direction of the Metropolitan. The two Germans walked off together, the way they had come.

"And now, sir," said von Grautzig, with resignation, "perhaps you will tell me what you wish me to do next."

"Are you very busy these days, oh, admirable Hugo?" asked his friend, lighting a cigarette.

"I have been busy," said the other quietly, "preparing for the visit of His Royal Highness, Prince—"

"Gewiss! But it is possible that His Royal Highness may be—delayed, my Hugo."

"It is highly probable, sir."

"Intelligent Hugo! I think, if you have nothing too pressing to attend to, I should like you to find me rooms, and—and generally look out for me. I propose to spend a week—one week, mind—in Washington before—"

"Before the Prince arrives," said von Grautzig.

"Du hast Recht! Before the Prince arrives. It won't be the first time you have helped me out against your better judgment, Hugo!"

Max Heinrich put his hand on the other's arm. Although he still laughed, there was an odd note of affection in his gay, musical voice. There was something even deeper in von Grautzig's tone as he answered, "No, sir—and I much doubt if it is the last!"

"Ach, du Prophet!" laughed Max Heinrich, but his hand stayed on the Count's arm all the way back to K Street.

* * * * *

MRS. MARCHMONT was somewhat annoyed when she heard that the German stranger had been asked to call. "You know nothing about the man, Valerie!" she declared.

"I must say that considering how uncordial Count von Grautzig was about introducing him, you have been rather rash—"

"Do you know," Valerie said slowly, as she recalled the circumstances, "I think that must have been a joke. I don't think the Count spoke to him as if he disliked him; it was more as if he were cross with him."

"He called him 'sir,'" said Mrs. Marchmont sagely. "And a man only does that to his inferiors or his superiors."

"Or for fun," supplemented her niece. "Anyway, I've asked him, Auntie. And if it wasn't strictly debutantish, I'll do anything you say to make up for it."

for it. Let's see! I'll write your charity bazaar notes for you, shall I? You hate that."

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"IT WILL be a great help," Mrs. Marchmont admitted mollified. "What disgusting things charity entertainments are! Don't forget a note to the Prince, in care of the German Embassy. The ladies of the committee have decided—wretched creatures—that the poor man is to be asked to be present at the silly affair! Such an indecent custom, dragging unfortunate foreigners into such things. My love, you are a sweet child, and I hope that your German man will not prove a white elephant. He may be—queer you know. Foreigners are."

"Not foreigners like Count von Grautzig and Herr Heinrich," said the girl confidentially.

Herr Max Heinrich of Germany came promptly the next afternoon. He was in a frame of mind which a more experienced woman would have recognized as dangerous to play with. Valerie Marchmont knew very little of men, in spite of her grown-up little sophistries. She was exquisitely fresh and innocent and idealistic. She tasted for the first time the intoxication of the sympathy and companionship of a fascinating man. Fred Arnett was nice through and through, but, compared to Max Heinrich he was, to use Valerie's own crude term, "stodgy."

She had put on her prettiest gown, cool siren green.

(Continued on page 60)



"OH!" SHE CRIED. "I CAN'T PUT IT INTO WORDS! MY DREAM IS JUST ALL THAT I WANT AND NEED MOST!"

Mayor Wilson and the Awakening in Hunnewell

By G. W. Ogden

This story of the pioneer woman mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas, is an inspiring study of womanly courage to demand and obtain justice for herself. Mrs. Wilson has been crusading more than a year for Hunnewell and for her rights and powers as mayor of the town. She has won. Following is the account of her struggle against heavy and determined odds. Mr. Ogden went in person to Hunnewell to be sure of his facts and to form an impartial impression at first hand.—THE EDITOR.

HUNNEWELL, KANSAS, is a little city of the third class. It stands half a mile north of the Oklahoma State line, almost midway between the eastern and western boundaries of Kansas. If Hunnewell were great in population in measure to its fame, it would outdistance in size very easily the largest city in the Kansan commonwealth. For Hunnewell is the town which has a fighting, unconquerable woman mayor.

With a man for mayor, Hunnewell would have remained unknown to the nation, a flock of white cottages on a great green sea of alfalfa and corn. It has had men mayors before today, and they have lapsed into oblivion. But the combination of five men in the city council who declared that they wouldn't serve under a "woman boss," and a woman boss who set her matronly jaw and said that they would, has brought the little city into national prominence and has drawn a governor, an attorney-general and a supreme court into its ordinarily small affairs.

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MR. ELLA WILSON is the mayor of Hunnewell. This is the story. It is vitally important to women, everywhere, for it illustrates what they must expect to encounter and overcome in politics; and its lessons are applicable everywhere in this land. For human nature is the same in all places, no matter what imaginary lines may hedge men and women in separate divisions of state.

Mrs. Wilson was elected mayor on the Independent, or Good Government ticket, in April, 1911. In the old days, which means twenty years ago on the southern Kansas border, Hunnewell was a place where men used to tarry until their beards were grown. Not that they were ashamed to return to their homes without them, but because they needed the disguise to get by the sheriff farther back from the frontier. It was a rip-roaring cowboy town. There are holes in the walls of the old red, ram-shackle hotel, there yet, drilled into them by cowboy bullets. And, just as the old bullet scars remain there evidences of days and nights of riotous carousal, much of the ancient recklessness of Hunnewell survived the purging of years and civilization.

A mean little pool hall or two, certain debauched characters, lawless, drifting men and women, eddied and clung around Hunnewell through all the years. Its air was unsavory, its reputation bad, and that was the condition when the respectable—perhaps progressive is a fairer, better word—element took in hand the election of a mayor who would clean up the town and keep it clean. The job fell to Ella Wilson, popular by reason of her activities in church and social work. The people doubtless believed the councilmen would stand by her, for they were what the vague term "representative citizens" describes.

But the councilmen had no such intention. Mrs. Wilson's election was a shock and a surprise to them, such a shock that an effort was made, by a secret, illegal recount of the ballots two or three days after election, to throw her out and put her opponent in the office. Her enemies went even so far as to order the city clerk, who still had a week or two to serve, to issue her opponent a certificate of election, which was done.

Right there Mrs. Wilson threw up her head like a long-horn about to take a four-wire fence and made her first public declaration. It was in effect that she hadn't sought the office—she was at home ironing all of election day, save for the few minutes required for her to vote—but



CITY CLERK ALICE HILTON AND MAYOR ELLA WILSON OF HUNNEWELL, KANSAS

being elected, she meant to serve. Any more of their high-handed doings would mean prosecution. The result was that her opponent dropped out of the matter, the city clerk issued another certificate of election, this time to Mrs. Wilson. She has hung onto it ever since, like the barons to their great charter, in spite of all the mean, despicable, ungallant and unwarranted persecutions and discouragements she has had to face.

Mrs. Wilson's term of office began on Mayday, 1911. She at once called a council meeting, and on the designated night went to the town hall with Mrs. Alice Hilton, whom she had appointed city clerk, subject

to confirmation by the council. A few grinning townspeople sat in the dimly-lighted council room, and their grins spread when the woman mayor and her woman clerk took their places. They waited for the councilmen, but none came. Up and down the little main street the word was passed that the councilmen were going to make a fool of the woman mayor.

"We'll not work under a woman boss," they said.

There was little or no activity in the council that night. Mistress City Clerk tucked her new minute book under her arm. Mistress Mayor put on her hat, and the two chagrined and disappointed women, with the first taste of practical politics under their tongues, went home.

The five councilmen were: the town blacksmith, the postmaster, the railroad station agent, a storekeeper and a clerk. They laughed over the easy time they were going to have of it driving the woman mayor to resign. Anticipating that action for a near future date, they met secretly, elected one of their number president of the council, named him acting mayor and proceeded to draw, introduce and pass ordinances providing for certain disbursements of city funds.

The date of the next regular monthly meeting of the council came. Mayor Wilson reappointed for that night her temporary clerk and sat with her alone in the dingy little town hall, waiting for the councilmen to come and transact business. It was time for the tax levy to be made for the maintenance of the city during the ensuing year. City business was disorganized. The terms of all old officials had expired. There was no marshal to keep the peace, no treasurer to keep the money, no street commissioner to repair the sidewalks and streets. All these were appointive offices, subject to confirmation by the council.

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THE councilmen, probably acting upon legal advice, believing that the time had come for a bullying move, appeared with several ordinances which they had passed in their secret meetings, and demanded that Mayor Wilson sign them. In every other direction her authority was ignored. Mrs. Wilson refused to sign the illegal bills, and cited certain passages from the state laws for the future guidance of the councilmen. All retired, and Mistress City Clerk, making a few entries in her minute book, began the record which was destined in the end to rise up and overwhelm the recalcitrant councilmen on the day of reckoning, which none of them was wise enough to foresee.

"We'll never serve under a woman boss," sulked the councilmen.

"Well, you'll do it or you'll resign," said Mayor Wilson, her blood hot with the battle, no intention of quitting within a thousand miles of her sedate, motherly head.

Then began a long season of systematic persecution, designed to break her spirit and drive her to throw down

the office in disgust. Boys and town loafers jeered her when she appeared on the streets, the lawless element held open revels. Bootleggers, as liquor peddlers are called in prohibition states, worked their evil trade almost openly. The town was becoming rack-jointed, disorganized, worse than ever before. Accusing fingers were pointed at the woman mayor. "If she'd get out of the way and let us men do something," said they, "the town wouldn't be going to pieces."

Mrs. Wilson's mail began to go astray in a most unaccountable manner. Important letters from the county clerk, urging the necessity of Hunnewell making its tax levy before the time fixed by law elapsed, were mysteriously held up in the post office until the date of the last council meeting, at which the levy could be made was past.

But Mrs. Wilson didn't lock herself in her boudoir and cry. Far from it. "I'll not quit," she declared, "you can't drive me out!"

The town, its revenues for that year thus cut off, was dragging along in disreputable fashion. "Well, we'll never serve under a woman boss," said the councilmen. And they laid wily schemes to involve her, to discredit, to compromise her, all of which came to nothing but their own confusion at last.

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NIIGHT after night on the date of the regular council meeting, Mayor Wilson and her faithful clerk, always regularly appointed pro tempore, sat waiting for the councilmen to assemble and transact business, and night after night through all those months they stubbornly remained away. "You can't drive us to work under a woman boss," they growled, growing sulky and sour-tempered when the joke of driving out the woman mayor turned out to be a piece of business bigger than they could carry.

The nation was beginning to take notice of the spunky woman mayor's fight. Big newspapers sent their star reporters to interview her, and Mayor Wilson met them all complacently at the door of her white cottage, sometimes with her sewing in hand, sometimes with flour on her arms, sometimes with a mob cap on her head and a flush on her cheeks which spoke of ironing near a hot stove.

"No, I'm not going to resign," said she, the same answer to everyone. And some of them eager to follow the traditions of women in general, wrote yarns about her crying, and of her impassioned declarations that she was tired of the game of politics, and ready to resign or be ousted any day. All of which were untrue, and ungenerous and unjust.

Mrs. Wilson had become a national figure. She was not the first woman mayor in Kansas, but she was the first

woman mayor anywhere who ever met five men in an unfair, under-handed fight. More than that, they couldn't all of them, together with their supporters, discourage her nor whip her. They couldn't even make her cry.

Letters came to her by hundreds from prominent women and men in all parts of the country, cheering her, sustaining her, even offering financial aid if she needed it to push the fight for her rights. Women active in the cause of woman suffrage visited her to draw inspiration from her strength and courage.

One woman against five men, and holding her own month after month, studying the law, building her fortifications, getting ready for the supreme test of strength which she meant to put them to by and by in her own good time and way.

Nothing had been accomplished during the first months of her two years' term of office. She had been a name without force, unable to even place her appointments before the council for ratification, for the council persistently refused to meet with her for that, or for any other purpose.

All the hopes of the good people who had elected her had come to nothing at all not even a bud of promise had swelled to give them cheer. Hunnewell was uncleansed, morally. It seemed that the woman mayor was a sad failure, indeed.

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AS WINTER passed, Mayor Wilson one evening shut up the law books which she had been studying for months. It was the night for the regular meeting of the council. Now, Mayor Wilson is not a quick, nervous woman. Rather, she is large, motherly, slow of movement, deliberative of action. She has grown sons. Her hair is streaked faintly here and there with gray. So, you see, she is not a woman to rush. She had it all planned and mapped.

"I'll give them this one chance to meet and do their duty, and then if they don't do it I'll make them."

That was what she said on that gray winter evening, when the cold sun had gone down on Hunnewell, leaving a red finger-smudge upon the sky.

And in their shops and offices the five councilmen wagged their serious, stubborn, obsolescent heads. "We won't serve under a woman boss, there's no power on earth that can make us do it," they said.

The good people of the town deplored their foolish stand of obstruction, and the bad ones reveled in abandoned joy. As for Mayor Wilson, she kept her own counsel. None of them knew that the hour for the final tug-of-war had come.

(Concluded in the September *McCall's*)



"WE'LL NOT WORK UNDER A WOMAN BOSS," THEY SAID

precipitately into anything mapped.



THE ENGAGEMENT

By Eugene C. Dolson

"Helene, I love you——" he started to say; "But I haven't a cent in the world," said she. He began once more: "And now, if I may, I'll finish my sentence out, you see. I love you, not——" She stopped him again: "You think I'm poor! I thought it was best, As I happen to know the ways of men, For once to put your love to a test.

I'm worth a million!" She watched the effect; It wasn't so great as one might expect; He was still unmoved, and quiet and low In his measured tones distinct and slow: "I love you, not for your wealth alone, And I'd marry you if——" "Sweetheart—my own— Oh, I knew you would!" she was quick to exclaim— And that is the way the engagement came.



WHY I PREFER TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

Responses to the April Invitation Extended
to McCall Readers on the Farms
and Elsewhere



BACK to the farm is a cry of today which is finding response from the overstrained nerves of many a city dweller. More and more of them are trying the experiment, and in response to our request in April have told us why they prefer the country. A few of the letters follow:

BECAUSE of ill-health my husband was forced to give up a position paying \$50 a week in the city and go to the country. We had always lived up to the last cent of our income, never saving a penny. The sale of our piano, pictures, rugs and furniture brought us \$1,100, out of which we paid \$200 for twenty acres of land, fourteen miles from any kind of village. It cost us \$25 to get our few household goods moved to our land. The dwelling house had burned to the ground in the seventies and the land had not been farmed for years. The fields were a perfect tangle of weeds, thicket and briars. There were no barns or other out-buildings, and an old log cabin containing one large living-room, an attic with stairs leading to it and a lean-to kitchen constituted our future dwelling place. It was March 15 when we moved in, and bitter cold, but the wood lot on our little farm yielded logs and stumps which we burned in the monstrous fireplace. Before leaving the city we purchased garden tools and seed amounting to \$18, and staple groceries, such as flour, sugar, bacon, beans, etc., amounting to \$70. Thirty Plymouth Rock hens and two roosters cost us \$35, a brood sow (bought from a neighbor) cost \$20, and in April presented us with a litter of eleven healthy pigs. A full-blooded Jersey cow with young calf cost \$65. This cow was a paying proposition from the start. I had never had any experience in handling milk or butter, but took a few lessons from a neighbor, and was soon receiving top prices for my cheese and butter.

A NEIGHBOR plowed two acres of land for us and on one and one-half acres we sowed oats; the other half acre we put in corn and potatoes. The oats, straw, corn and fodder lasted our pony, cow, chickens and three pigs through the next winter. Our meat that first summer consisted of wild pigeons, cottontails and fish caught from a nearby stream. Water was procured from a living spring which bubbled up at our door. The first of May nine of my hens hatched out ninety-seven chickens. I raised seventy-six of them. The first year we raised enough potatoes to carry us through the winter, sold eighteen bushels at \$1.60 a bushel, and saved enough nice ones to plant an acre the next year. I sold five dozen eggs a week at twenty-five cents a dozen. Two gallons of buttermilk at forty cents a gallon, ten quarts of cottage cheese at fifteen cents a quart and four pounds of butter at thirty-five cents a pound. With wild berries and fruit from the woods and fence rows, wild game and fish, and greens from our garden, fresh eggs, butter, milk, cheese and cream, we set a much better table than we had in town. By the middle of the summer my husband had entirely regained his health and could have taken his old position in the city at an advanced salary, but we were so happy, healthy and contented in the little

home we had hewn out of the wilderness that we decided not to give it up. Today it is a prosperous, full-team farm, and is not for sale.—G. S. S., Illinois.

THE firm with which my husband had been allied for years had dissolved partnership. My husband wished to move at once to the country where he could raise enough vegetables, chickens, etc., to help tide over the interval that would elapse before another position could be found. But I had always looked upon the country as a place for rich people only—for the poor it seemed a living death. To bury myself in the country, with no friends to run in or neighbors to chat with, no street cars nor shopping advantages—such a life did not appeal to me at all.

We had sufficient money saved up to buy a small place, but I held off hoping, like Macawber, that something would eventually turn up that would enable us to remain in town. But finally, the bottom fell out of everything, and we rented a small place not far from New Brunswick, New Jersey. As help is always scarce in the country, my husband found several days' work each week, and was able to start things going on our own place besides. Instead of money we sometimes accepted chickens, pigs and so on, as payment for services, thus increasing our little stock from time to time.

From our twenty-eight fruit trees I canned a large quantity of fruit, most of which I sold. The sale of chickens and eggs brought enough money for our clothing. Of course, we did not need as many clothes as formerly, and the children spent most of their time in rompers. By the time fall set in I had a goodly stock of canned fruit, our own pork and some winter vegetables in the cellar. We lived better that winter than we had lived in years. In fact, I never cease reproaching myself for not coming to the country sooner. I would then have been able to buy a little home of my own instead of living as we are, in a rented house. But the children are riotously happy and enjoy playing in the snow in winter as much as they do wading in the brook in summer. Our summer evenings we enjoy sitting under the trees listening to Mother Robin who croons the sweetest cradle songs while lulling her babies to sleep. Nor are we entirely without amusement. We have access to a good library, attend church affairs

and house parties, and can entertain at little cost. Consequently we have more amusements at less cost than when we lived in the city where one's pleasures are nearly all outside the home. Unless one demands too much, the country schools will be found to compare favorably with the city schools. The few sacrifices that we made in moving to the country are outweighed by the pure air, wholesome food and the greater welfare of the children.—N. N., New Jersey.

AS I sit and think over my past life, of the experience, trials and tribulations connected with my residence in the city—Chicago—then of the peace and contentment which has been our lot here in the country, I believe the country is the best place for man, woman or child.

(Continued on page 70)



PLUMES AND THE BRIDE

By
Arthur Henry
Gooden
Illustration by
Gordon Sweeny

YOUNG MRS. BLAIR lingered in the doorway until the stalwart figure of her husband vanished around the corner, in her eyes the divine, indescribable something that betokens the unconscious pride of the bride. Though not a "brand new" bride, Mrs. Blair had been married just long enough to discover, as have many of her sisters before her, that a bridal trousseau has its limits, especially when one tries to harken to Dame Fashion's tyrannical decrees. And now, as she turned from watching her husband and walked slowly to the kitchen to consult with her one maid of all work, the light in her eyes was replaced by serious and intense calculation.

"I simply can't wear that old hat," she reflected. "Of course, Harry wouldn't mind, but there's Elsie—she's always so exquisite—and I'm not going to her theater party looking like a last year's bargain sale. She'd be just too mortified."

In the kitchen she found Lizzie already busy with the breakfast dishes. "Lizzie, Mr. Blair and I will be out for dinner tonight. You can have the afternoon off."

Lizzie dropped her dishcloth. "Sure now," she cried gleefully, "me prayer's answered!" Then, noting her mistress' interrogative look, she explained. "It's the last day of the Apparel Show, mum, an' ivvery hat shop's havin' a bargain sale—an' me wantin' a new hat that bad!"

Instantly Mrs. Blair was in a flutter. She darted into the dining-room and seized upon the morning paper, still lying on the floor where her husband had tossed it. Yes—it was true! What an opportunity! And she did want a picture hat so much—a great black one—with just a touch of red in it. It would go so stunningly with her black chiffon—and Harry had promised to bring her red roses too!"

She closed her eyes envisaging the picture and for a moment was tempted. Then she sighed, and heroically thrust temptation—the morning paper—into the fire. No—it would not be right—even if prices were cut in twain. When they married she and Harry had agreed to live quietly. She knew that he would want her to get a hat if she as much as breathed the desire to him. But it would be foolish—there were so many things to be considered—the building and loan society payments for the little cottage they were planning—and Harry's life insurance. And then—there was another reason.

Having burned the morning paper with its alluring advertisements, inspiration seized Mrs. Blair and carried her to the attic. Here, stowed away in dark corners, were

"What is the matter, Harry?" she asked timidly. "You are acting so queerly tonight—and I thought we were going to have such a good time."



trunks and boxes and barrels and all the other cobwebby odds and ends that even six months of domesticity will accumulate. For a minute she stood in the doorway, her glance flitting thoughtfully from one dusty trunk to another. Then, with a do-or-die gleam in her pretty eyes, she set to work.

At the end of half an hour she desisted from her labors and took stock of the plunder. It was not encouraging—seven hats—all sadly reminiscent of styles and seasons past. She gazed at them dolefully. They seemed quite impossible, except for one—a large black affair. This, Mrs. Blair examined with puckered brows, turning and twisting the brim to various angles. "It's not half bad," she mused. "I believe it would do if only I had some plumes. These old rose trimmings are too faded—they'd be ridiculous."

* * *

"IF YE plase mum," panted Lizzie, "an expressman's wantin' fifty cents for a package he's after lavin'. Arrah now, me wind's that bad—the wurruds stick under me tongue. It's a place where they's ilivators I should be workin' in."

"Oh, no, Lizzie!" expostulated Mrs. Blair, aghast at the idea. "You musn't think of leaving us. Besides—we'll be in the cottage soon and there won't be any stairs to climb then."

"Sure now—it was only me bit of a joke."

The young mistress pushed aside the dilapidated headgear and struggled to her feet. "And Lizzie," she added mysteriously, "I'm going to need you so very, very much!"

"Of course," responded Lizzie placidly. "An' that there expressman's nadin' his fifty cents, too, I'm thinkin'."

"I'll go down at once and pay him," said Mrs. Blair, flushing. "I wonder what the package can be, Lizzie?" And she hurried down to the front door, leaving Lizzie staring curiously at the gaping trunks and littered floor. Having satisfied the demands of the waiting expressman, Mrs. Blair proceeded to open the package. The removal of the wrapping-paper revealed a leather case, which, in turn, uncovered to her astonished gaze, a hat. It was an odd-looking hat—utterly impossible, she promptly decided, but what quite took her breath with sheer delight, were two splendid ostrich plumes, one black, the other a gorgeous red.

"How strange," murmured Mrs. Blair. She smoothed out the wrapping-paper and examined the address. Yes—it was her name—Mrs. Harry Blair—and the handwriting was that of Harry's mother.

A light suddenly dawned. "The dear!" she exclaimed. "It's one of her old hats and she thinks I can make use of it in some way."

She held the thing up thoughtfully. "It's funny though—I don't remember ever seeing her wear it. Must have been the style before I was born—goodness knows—it looks queer enough! But aren't those plumes gorgeous—just what I needed."

Mrs. Blair smiled happily. "I'm the luckiest girl ever," she avowed, "and won't Harry be surprised!"

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BUT alas! Mr. Blair detained by business, was late in reaching home that evening. In his earnest endeavor to shave, bathe and don correct evening garb in the least minimum of time, he failed utterly to note the miracle his young wife had wrought out of her old black hat, rescued from attic oblivion, and—the heaven sent plumes. Even, when flushed, radiant, and the picture of loveliness in her evening toilette, she stood before him in the hall and allowed him to place her opera cloak about her plump, white shoulders, he was blind—blind! She knew it was silly of her to mind, but Mrs. Blair was piqued. She was but a bride, inexperienced and young, and man, in the role of husband, yet to be plumbled by her.

"I shall never, never call his attention to it," she resolved in the fullness of her indignation. And much to her husband's surprise, she ran down the steps and sprang into the cab without waiting for his assistance.

* * * * *

"My dear," said their hostess, "your hat is a dream—a creation!"

They had dined gaily, and now, comfortable and expectant, were awaiting the rise of the curtain for the first act. Flushing with pleasure Mrs. Blair glanced shyly at her husband to find him regarding her incredulously, his face white to the lips. The coquetry in her eyes gave place to startled wonder. What was the matter—what had she done? She had never before seen him look at her so strangely.

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AT THAT moment the curtain rose. She endeavored to fix her attention on the stage, but the entire performance was a blurred meaningless thing. Several times she stole furtive glances at her husband. His face was set and stern, his eyes distract. He, too, she felt, was blind to the play and deaf to the music. And they had both anticipated such pleasure, she reflected tragically. Could it be that her gown was unhooked? She felt with furtive fingers. No. Only once did he speak to her.

"Felice," he whispered, leaning forward nervously as the lights flared up at the end of the first act, "Wouldn't it be better for you to remove that hat?"

"Certainly not," cut in Elsie, shocked at the suggestion. "It's the most stunning hat here tonight. The idea, Harry—don't you know that there are at least a score of envious lorgnettes levelled at it this very moment!"

A suspicion now entered Felice's mind; a suspicion that she promptly categorized as unkind. But it persisted, haunting her for the rest of the evening. Harry was angry with her—thinking she had bought a new, expensive hat—was vexed at her supposed extravagance. Her cheeks burned. It couldn't be that—no, Harry was not that kind of man. But why should he act so queerly then? Perhaps he was ill—suffering dreadfully—but did not want to spoil her evening by saying so.

And so poor Mrs. Blair racked her pretty little head for reasons that would explain her husband's unexplainable manner. But not until the miserable evening was at an end, and they were once more standing by the blazing fire in their own cosy home, did the truth come out.

"Felice," asked Mr. Blair, "why did you do it? What on earth possessed you?"

"Do wh-at?" She looked at him timidly. "What is the matter, Harry, you've acted so queerly tonight—and I—I thought we were going to have such a good time?"

"Do you mean to say, Felice, that you don't know?"

"Know what?" Mrs. Blair returned her husband's stare in growing bewilderment. He lit a cigarette. "Where did you get that hat?" he asked tragically.

"Oh," coldly. "I wasn't aware that you had even noticed my hat."

(Continued on page 72)



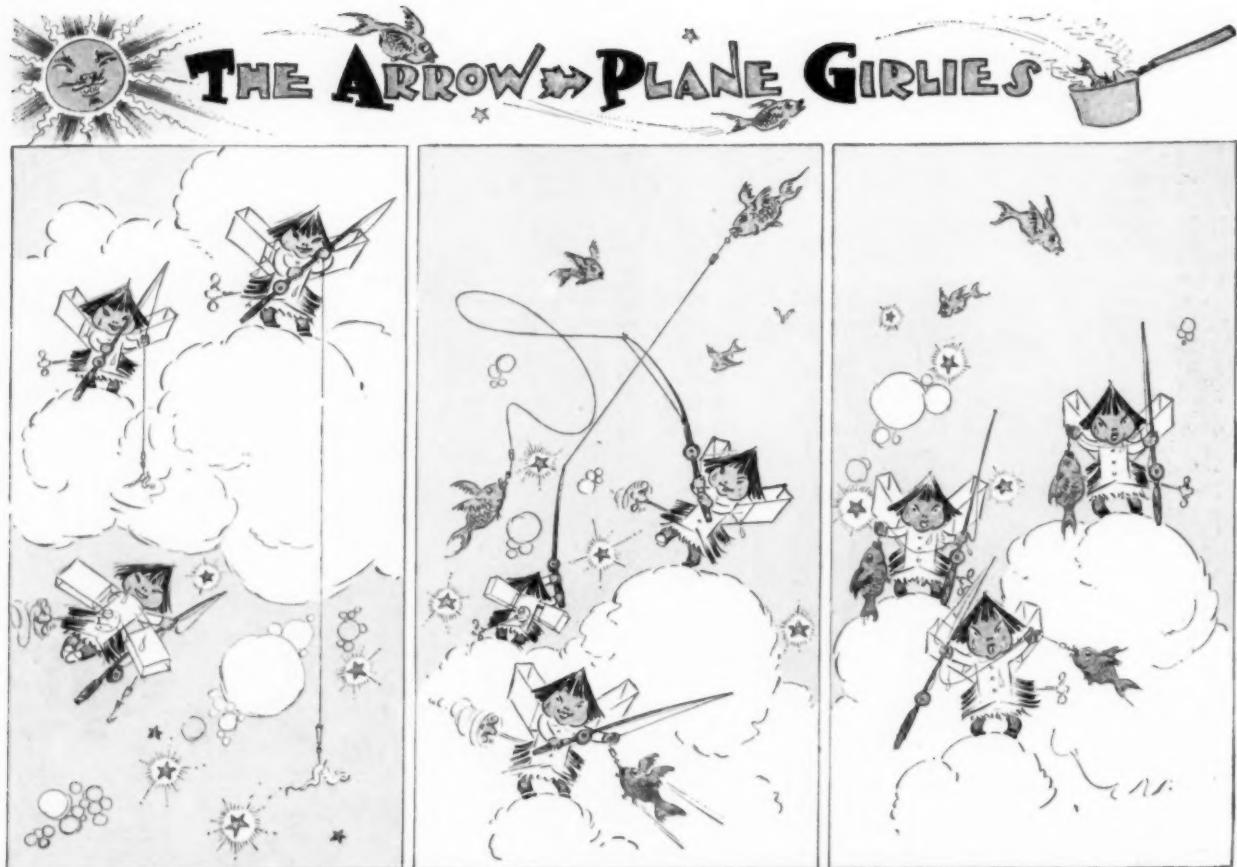
LOVE-PASSED THROUGH-MY-HOUSE TODAY

By Charlotte Becker

Love passed through my house today,
Red rose garlands in his hand—
Only gladness his demand
As he made each dull room gay.

How I hastened to obey,
And his fill of laughter planned—
Love passed through my house today,
Red rose garlands in his hand.

What care I though wise-heads say
Light his vows as shifting sand,
Since they may not understand
This is mine to keep alway:
Love passed through my house today!



THE SHOW GIRL

By
Anna M. Thomson
Illustrated by
Arthur E. Jameson



THE sun was sinking behind the last distant range of western hills. Somehow it reminded the girl, leaning on the topmost rail of the pasture gate, of an immense glowing, red balloon lost in space as it hung suspended there below the level of her eyes, rayless, in the darkening gray October sky. This spot had become a favorite retreat with Vivia Morgan in the last fifteen months. Only in such weather as made being out-of-doors impossible had she missed climbing to this vantage point behind her husband's big, well-conditioned barn and gazing out over the magnificent stretch of country that lay below.

This elevation, or ridge, of fertile high land extended for several miles between rocky valleys clothed in the evergreen forest trees of that northern clime—spruce, pine, hemlock and birch, while from where Vivia stood one caught glimpses of no less than five lakes.

The girl's big, hazel eyes gazed moodily out over the scene. Suddenly there came to her ears the cry of a loon, that weird, maniacal burst of sound that holds within it something so drearily human.

Vivia shivered; it had grown very cold as evening came on; she felt the close approach of the long, bitter winter days and a look akin to desperation came into her delicate, yet exquisitely pretty, face. With sudden violence she struck her mitten hand down on the wooden rail. "Positively," she exclaimed under her breath, "I can't face another winter shut up here on this farm with nothing to do, or see, or look forward to! I'd rather die, as Doc Kinsey said I would, if I kept on in the show business, than face the deadly monotony of existence these people call *life*. Oh! why won't Dave give it up and let us go somewhere where things are *moving*—not standing still or just going along in the same old rut! I can't stand it; I've got to get back or I'll kill myself. But to leave Dave! I love him so and he will never consent to my going without him, and he won't go himself! What shall I do?" She was shivering with nervous excitement as well as cold and so engrossed in her own thoughts that she did not hear the approach of her husband until he was beside her with a strong arm clasped around her waist.

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"WELL, you young scamp!" he exclaimed laughingly, as he drew her close to him. "I've got to keep my eye on you all the time or you're up to some kind of harum-scarum doings! Here you are, just about frozen stiff, and supper waiting for you down home—mother's got chicken-pie and baked apples with whipped cream. Here, quick! put your arms around my neck and I'll carry you pig-a-back down the hill." He lifted the slender figure to the top of the fence and, ignoring her indignant protests, swung her onto his back and, with no more apparent effort than if she had been an empty potato sack, carried her down hill and deposited her without ceremony on the side porch of their home.

Vivia pretended to be angry, but, in reality the times she loved her big husband most dearly were those upon which he displayed his splendid ease of strength and glorious vitality. So now she put aside, for the time, her own gloomy thoughts and entered the house with David, chattering gaily.

The big kitchen looked particularly cheerful and

inviting after coming in from the chill atmosphere outside. The immense wood stove was sending out volumes of heat, and a most tempting blended odor of chicken, coffee and spice cake greeted their nostrils.

One end of the room was divided off by a big, chintz-covered screen behind which the supper table, with its brightly decorated center lamp, was laid.

Mrs. Morgan glanced up as her son and his wife entered the room. She was busy dishing up the meal while the maid-servant carried the various dishes over to the table. "Supper's ready," she announced briefly. She was a large woman, not fat, but big in build, with a freshly colored face almost entirely devoid of wrinkles, although her scanty hair, worn plainly parted in the middle and drawn back into a tiny knot, was white as snow. Her eyes were inscrutable behind their silver-rimmed glasses, and her mouth had a slightly humorous expression which the fact of her being a singularly silent woman, not given either to smiles or laughter, seemed to refute.

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AFTER the meal Vivia arose and, followed by David, passed into the adjoining living-room thence across the wide, cold hallway into what had formerly been the big double parlor of the homestead—a room of state, opened only on rare occasions. Since her coming Vivia had prevailed upon David to change it into a bed-chamber and sitting-room for their own use. David had looked for some opposition from his mother regarding such an unprecedented innovation, but she met the suggestion with her usual calm quiescence.

Now, as they entered the front apartment—the living-room—a sharp crackle of logs in the big, low-down fireplace could be heard above the sound of the rising wind as it rushed around the corner of the house. The room was warm and softly lighted from a pink-shaded lamp near the open piano (David's gift to his bride) which stood in an angle of the wall. The furniture was pretty and well selected and a glimpse through the wide folding doors showed a dainty bedroom beyond.

David drew forward a couple of easy chairs, "Come,



"DAVID," SHE ENTREATED, "LET ME HAVE THIS CHANCE. I'LL SUCCEED, THEN AFTER THE SEASON CLOSES, I'LL COME BACK"

honey, sit down and get good and warm; then sing to me a bit before I have to go out," he said, as he gently pushed Vivia into the depths of her own favorite chair. David made it a practice to inspect, each night after the farm helpers had gone home, the barns and other outbuildings before retiring. He was very much interested in trying out certain scientific farming theories he had studied, and was devoting much time and care to breeding high-class cattle. After a little, Vivia arose and coming over to her husband, crawled like a weary child into his lap, and with her head cuddled down against his shoulder lay quietly watching the firelight.

David, noting her unusual silence, pressed her close to him. "What's troubling my girl?" he whispered. "Don't you want me to leave you tomorrow? Suppose you go along, then; maybe the little change would do you good even if it is only for a couple of days. You know though, I'd have to be away from you 'most all the time while court was in session, but Langham is a pretty town and there's a very fair hotel there."

But Vivia shook her head. Presently she sat up so as to face her husband. "David," she said seriously. "Is it your thought to spend all your life up here on this farm? You who have brains, education and strength enough to make your way anywhere? Think of what possibilities there are for such as you in any one of our large cities. Are you then going on up here plodding along in one rut, year after year, until at last you will be an old man with the grave before you and nothing, *nothing* in all your life back of you worth remembering?" She spoke with such concentrated passion that David was startled. With a movement he pushed her gently from his lap and stood up resting his arm along the mantle shelf, while he regarded his wife with a gleam of anger in his eyes.

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"DOES this seem such a mean life to you, then?" he asked. "I confess that to me, living up here where I can look out over a glorious country, breathe an air laden with health, living in a house my grandfather built and both my father and I were born in, leading a sane, wholesome existence; owing no man a dollar; having every comfort and many luxuries; has never appeared to me to be anything but a life to be thankful for. Think, my girl, what it has done for you;" his voice grew softer. "Why, when you came up here not two years ago you were near death. Your 'big city' had sucked your blood, then cast you aside; had you stayed there another two months nothing could have saved you. But see what this 'farm life' that you seem to despise so has done for you; you are perfectly well now and yet you kick at the medicine. Well," he laughed, his good nature restored, "better a live farmer's wife than a leading attraction at a funeral, eh, Reddy?"

Vivia, however, was past being joked with—even the name "Reddy," a teasing reference to her hair, which, on top was a glowing, chemical auburn, but for the length of a couple of inches from her scalp a pretty, dusky, brown growth was coming in—even this hated nickname did not rouse her to combat as it seldom failed to do. Her face was so expressive of bitter earnestness that her husband at once became serious.

"David," she said in a level tone watching him closely. "Ledyard is going to put on 'The Prince and the Girl' in November, his new musical piece. He told me when I had to get out that when I got well he would give me as good a part as I had then in any new piece he put on, if he could. Oh, David, won't you let me go to New York and see him?" Then, as she saw his expression, she broke forth rapidly as she stepped in front of him and clutched both his arms with her hands. "Don't say it, Dave," she pleaded, "don't say it just yet, *please!* I know what you're going to say, that it's impossible—preposterous for me to dream of



"WHY, DAVE, YOUR CHEEKS
ARE ALL WET!"

such a thing and all that. But I tell you, David, I shall go mad, *mad*, if I stay here another winter. Think a moment, dear, I'd never been away from the city in my life, except for a day or a week at a time, until I got that cold, or bronchitis, or whatever it was that caught me just when I'd had gotten my first good part after working so hard those three years. But I *had* gotten it at last and made good, *you* know that. Then after only four months of success to have to give it all up and come away or *die*—oh, David, it was hard, hard! Then, dearest, after I knew you and commenced to regain my health life looked different to me. I loved this country, I loved the lakes, the trees; especially the tall, white birches—ghost trees I called them—they all became dear to me and I felt, when I knew that we loved each other that this would always satisfy me, but," her head drooped and her voice faltered, "dear David, don't you understand? I'm sick for a sight of the things I've always known. Why," vehemently, "I feel sometimes as though I'd give a

year of my life to hear a hurdy-gurdy playing, or the rumble of the Elevated, or to see Broadway just at dusk when the big arc lights flash out, when we'd be hurrying to the theater; or see the dinner crowds flocking into the big restaurants, David," she entreated, "let me have this chance. I'll succeed; then after the season closes I'll come back—"

"Stop!" Vivia started back at the cold, harsh tones of her husband's voice; his face was white and his jaw set. "I wish it understood, Vivia, that there is to be no more such talk as this. When you married me you closed the door on your life as a show girl. I took you as you were, accepting your past, asking no questions, only claiming your future. But let there be no mistake about this; you have married me, and while you are my wife my house will be your home, and in it you will remain!" And David, without another look at the girl's white face, left the room.

The next morning, a sunny, breezy day Morgan started for Langham—Vivia who had declined to accompany him, was on the porch to bid him good-bye, and watch him drive off. "Good-bye, honey," he called back, waving his hand to her as he turned out of the gate into the road. "Be a good girl 'til I get back."

"I will, Dave," she answered; and he could not see that her eyes were brimming with tears.

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TWO days later when David got home he found a note from Vivia which told him that her longing to resume her former life on the stage, if only for a short time, had become more than she could resist. It pleaded with him not to think harshly of her and declared she never had and never would love any other man than himself, and was signed "your own little wife." Vivia had left on the express that morning for New York.

When David finished the note his face was white with suffering and bitter anger. He carried it into the room where his mother was seated, busy with some sewing.

"She's gone, mother," he said in a husky voice; "Vivia's left me." Then, suddenly losing all control of himself, "To think of housing a viper! And I had worshipped her like an angel."

"Stop son!" said Mrs. Morgan in her level, authoritative voice. "Don't make any hasty vows which, sooner or later, you may wish to recall. Remember we are told to 'Judge not, that we be not judged.'" And, without more words, she gathered up her work and quietly left the room.

The intensely cold, long, winter dragged along and David tried, not very successfully, to keep his mind from dwelling on Vivia and his utter sense of loss. He made no attempt, however, to follow or communicate with her, although he knew from her note that she might be reached through the agency of Ledyard. He never even spoke of

(Continued on page 62)

A \$2,500,000 Business Run by Women

By Sarah Dwyer Croombs



HAT marketable talent do I possess?" A few years ago a young woman living in New Orleans found herself face to face with this question. In addition to the necessity of earning her own living, this girl had an invalid mother to support. A store or office position was out of the question, for either would mean hiring a nurse to look after her mother during the day.

"Why don't you see if the Woman's Exchange can help you?" suggested one of her friends.

"I had thought of that," she said, "but what can I make? I cannot sew and I don't embroider. Arts and crafts work is out of the question for that would necessitate a course of instruction—something I have neither the time nor money for. No; the only talents I possess are unmarketable. I can do housekeeping, cooking, baking—"

"That's it—baking!" exclaimed her friend. "With your cakes famed 'from Dan to Beersheba' there is no reason why you shouldn't be successful in selling them to the public through the Exchange."

It would hardly be classified as a brilliant talent—this girl's knack at cake-making—but she is finding it marketable. The Exchange was ready and willing to help her, and today she is receiving an income of more than one hundred dollars a month from the cakes she sells over its counter.

Woman's Exchanges flourish in practically every city in the United States, approximately two thousand of them being now in operation. Although conducted along uniform lines they are nevertheless strictly local institutions in that they are not related in any way. Working entirely alone each Exchange strives to benefit the community in which it exists, and yet, though primarily intended to help the local community, it gladly offers to the self-supporting woman, living five hundred miles away, the same assistance that it extends to her sister close at hand. Which brings us to the nature of the business itself.

Each Exchange is a selling mart for the product of women who have a talent for making things. It matters not whether this talent finds its expression in working buttonholes, making jelly, baking bread, fashioning lingerie or dressing dolls; if its possessor does the work well and is deserving of help the Exchange will not only assist her in disposing of the things she has made, but will give her orders for more. It brings her wares to the attention of the buying public and obtains the best possible price for them. In return for this service it imposes certain conditions, but it asks nothing unreasonable, nothing to which any fair-minded, self-supporting woman could object.

This philanthropic enterprise does not attempt to compete with commercial establishments. Its position in the business world is unique for it offers home-made products exclusively. And, although a vision of irresistible handicraft may be conjured with the word home-made, one might well imagine that with a variety of home-made articles to display the Woman's Exchange would resemble nothing so much as a second-hand shop. Somehow this is skilfully avoided; there is no indiscriminate arrangement, no crowding. Crossing the portals the shopper in search of



AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE DISPLAY IS SHOWN IN THE TOP PICTURE—THE FIRST WOMAN'S EXCHANGE IN THE UNITED STATES, OPENED IN PHILADELPHIA SEVEN-SEVEN YEARS AGO, IS SHOWN AT THE SIDE

* * *

* * *

something different finds herself in the midst of such appealing daintiness and beauty that her purchase is but a matter of selection. About the place there is a home-like atmosphere that invites confidence. In response to Mrs. Shopper's almost whispered request the soft-voiced young woman who serves her brings forth from mysterious boxes the daintiest baby layettes imaginable. Tucked slips, finely embroidered dresses and the softest of feather-stitched flannels are displayed for her selection. She makes her purchase with the feeling that here at last she has found just what she wanted. The department store could offer her nothing like this—every stitch of the work by hand—and she leaves the place not only pleased that she has found an outfit befitting her pride in its little wearer, but with the added satisfaction that she has helped some deserving mother who in better days ago fashioned just such garments for her own little one.

PERHAPS another visitor to the Exchange is in search of some dainty bit of needlework for a birthday gift, perhaps she is looking for some art leather or brass work, some hand-made lingerie, a piece of art embroidery for a library table or a pair of soft, crocheted bedroom slippers. She will find all of these and countless other articles of beauty and utility. The shelves behind the counter are stocked with rows of tumblers and jars filled with delicious home-made jellies and preserves. And the saleswoman will take her order for cakes, rolls, bread—even for broth to be sent to some friend who is ill; practically everything that can be made at home is offered for sale.

During the past few years many Exchanges have added a tea-room service to their salesroom. These tea-rooms are havens of rest to the weary shopper. Dainty service and home-cooked food combine to make a luncheon that could not be excelled even at home. And again their patronage offers the satisfaction of helping worthy people.

As a business enterprise the institution is remarkably successful. There are no profits for its managers. With the exception of a small commission—usually ten per cent.—deducted for running expenses, all of the returns go to the women who contribute to its stock of goods—the consignors as they are called. Just what this can mean to the self-supporting women of a community is best illustrated when told in figures. In Cincinnati the Exchange—which may be taken as representative of the average institution—has paid its consignors over two-thirds of a million dollars the first twenty years of its existence—an average of almost thirty-four thousand dollars a year for home-made goods!

• Eighteen thousand women are regularly consigning and selling their handiwork through these Exchanges which, in turn, employ five thousand people on salary. Last year, as conservatively estimated, two million five hundred thousand dollars was paid to the consignors, and the salaried employees received eight hundred thousand dollars. Assuming that the average shut-in, self-supporting woman contributes toward the support of two children or relatives, the number of people benefitted financially by the Exchanges of the country would be sixty-nine thousand.

EN PASSANT, the Detroit Exchange, last year paid over five thousand dollars to the consignors who make the cakes, jellies, preserves and other home-cooked food which it offers for sale; while the San Francisco Exchange during the same period derived over seventeen thousand dollars from cakes and two thousand dollars from bread and rolls. When the Exchange of San Francisco was opened twenty-seven years ago its consignors did not exceed twenty in number. Today there are more than five hundred. The start was made in the basement of a dwelling, quarters which were soon out-grown. Every year has seen a substantial increase in the business, but it was not until after the earthquake of 1906 that the Exchange realized its greatest usefulness. That fearful calamity left many formerly well-situated San Francisco women with the problem of self-support to solve, and it was a practical solution which the Exchange offered them.

Some of these San Francisco consignors have been very successful. Ordinarily one wouldn't think a talent for dressing dolls to be of much value in earning a living at home, but a certain San Francisco woman thought it would be, so she dressed a sample doll and arranged with the Exchange to take orders for duplicates. She was right. The customers of the Exchange did want to buy dolls, and last year this woman made almost fifteen hundred dollars out of her talent. Another consignor of this western Exchange gathered almost two thousand dollars from art needlework within the same twelve months.

In the four Exchanges in New York City the demand for home-made articles far exceeds the supply. To meet this situation one of them has organized a Committee on Suggestions, whose duty it is to educate the promising consignor. Not long ago a yarn-embroidered tablecover was received from a woman living in Wyoming. In the same mail came a letter telling of the consignor's need for work. "I am an invalid," she wrote, "with two fatherless children. Please try and sell the cover for whatever it is worth. Unless I can find some means of earning a little money I will have to send my children to an orphan's home."

The cover showed skill with the needle, but instead of using an old-fashioned pattern, such as the work called for, the woman had tried to introduce modern motifs into

the design. The result was an incongruous combination of modern and Colonial ideas. The matter was turned over to the Committee on Suggestions and a letter was written praising the good points of the work and tactfully suggesting how it should be made in order to be saleable. A pathetic letter of thanks came back from the woman and a few weeks later another cover was received, this one a quaint conceit of old-fashioned materials blended in a design of by-gone days. Since then this Wyoming consignor has disposed of as many covers and similar articles as she has been able to make. And this is only one of hundreds of such cases which this Exchange has handled.

It was to solve the problem of self-support for a Philadelphia woman that the first Exchange in the country was opened at Philadelphia seventy-eight years ago. The sudden death of her father had thrown this woman upon her own resources, but so stunned was she by her misfortune that no plan of earning a livelihood seemed to suggest itself to her. Willing as they were to provide a home for her the unfortunate woman's friends knew that she would never consent to live upon their bounty. So one memorable day these friends gathered for the purpose of discussing a way of providing her with an income. Countless plans were proposed, but it was not until someone suggested finding a market for her needlework and cookery that a practical solution appeared.

The outcome of the discussion was an agreement that each friend would undertake to find the customers and this agreement gave birth to the idea of establishing an Exchange for the benefit of similarly situated women. "The Depository" was the sign above the door of this mother of Woman's Exchanges.

The universal plan of organization of these Exchanges is representative of the modern spirit of philanthropy. It helps, but it does not pauperize. The officers are usually women of means who assume the expenses of establishment and opening. Thereafter the institution is expected to maintain itself, though, of course, voluntary contributions toward its support are seldom refused. Besides a president, recording and corresponding secretaries and a treasurer there is a board of managers to finally settle all questions of importance.

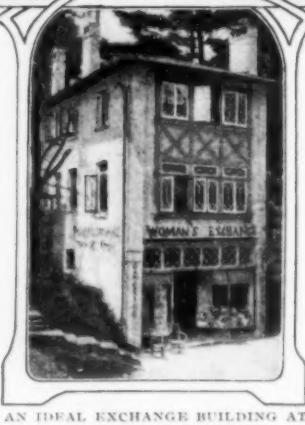
From the board of managers is recruited the personnel of various subcommittees. The consignments are assigned to various departments and each department is under the supervision of one of these committees.

FIFTEEN years ago an Exchange was opened in Asheville, North Carolina. Contrary to expectations it did not meet with the support it deserved and for the first few years it had to be kept alive by

solicited donations and a subscription list. Meanwhile its founders worked courageously on, strong in the faith that sooner or later there would be a substantial recognition of the purpose of the institution. Entertainments were given to help defray running expenses, advertising space was sold in explanatory booklets and many other ways were adopted to interest the public. Its eventual success was built firmly on conscientious effort, and nine years after its opening the Asheville Exchange was able to erect a handsome three-story building—a monument to the work of a band of women determined to help their shut-in, self-supporting sisters. But the real success of such work cannot be measured in bricks and mortar—for it is in the comfort and happiness which it brings to those in need of help that the Woman's Exchange justifies its existence.

Next month Miss Croombs will tell exactly how a woman can market her wares through the Exchanges.

AN INVITING AND CHARACTERISTIC EXCHANGE TEA ROOM



AN IDEAL EXCHANGE BUILDING AT ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Words by
CARROLL FLEMINGMusic by
JOEL P. CORIN

JUST BECAUSE IT'S YOU, DEAR!

Moderato.

In in love with a cer-tain dear
Why I love her is be-yond my

mf *mf*

someone, Who is modest and al-so re-fined, — But who teases me of-ten with questions, — Be-ing
speaking, That I love her, she never can doubt, — She is plain, yet to me fas-ci-nat-ing, — She's the

one of the eu-ri-ous kind, — And whenev-er I mask'd for the reason, Why I'm always so constant and
someone I can't do with-out, — When we stroll in the moon-light to-gether, In the way that most true lovers

true, With a smile and a kiss I will answer, — It is just, dear, be-cause it is you, —
do, I am certain to find myself say-ing, — I'm so hap-py, be-cause I'm with you, —

mf *mf*

CHORUS.

Just because it's you, dear, Just because it's you, And not because your laughing eyes are filled with heaven's hue,

p-f

Tho' your hair is brown, dear, Any shade would do, The reason's dear, I love you, dear, Just because it's you, — you.

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A Girl and a Suit Case

By
JOSEPH O'BRIEN
Illustrated by
GEORGE F. KERR



ALICE was in some perplexity as to the line of conduct she should pursue when she went down to breakfast next morning and greeted her aunt and uncle. Mr. James Conrad was a good-hearted, generous, impulsive but decidedly irascible old gentleman, given largely to sarcastic retort, and his customary matutinal frame of mind was not such as to encourage confidences of a delicate nature. Alice felt that to deliberately inform him that a young man for whom she had a more profound feeling than had ever before come within her experience, had practically charged him with larceny would be an undiplomatic way to begin the day. A telegram came before she had resolved the weighty problem and the way cleared before her. It was from Daisy Phillips, a warning that Daisy herself would follow and would arrive in time for luncheon.

"Oh Aunt Laura, Daisy is coming today," she said, handing her aunt the telegram. "I hope she can make a long visit. It will be such fun having her."

She had decided, upon reading the telegram, with the sagacity of her years, that she would confide the whole trouble to Daisy and Harry Randolph, and the trio would map out a plan of action. She sent an imperative summons to Randolph and devoted the forenoon to a mysterious inspection of the house from garret to cellar in search of a possible clue to the suit case or possibly that mysterious bit of luggage itself. Her aunt was much mystified by her inexplicable activity, but Alice gave her no explanation. She was flushed and dusty from rummaging in storerooms and variously hidden trunks and bags, when Daisy arrived. Miss Phillips was in her accustomed cyclone of spirits and musically shrieking excitement. She was in obvious haste to get through with the formalities of greeting and down to solid confidences.

"Now, tell me all about it," she commanded, after Alice had taken her to her room and they were left together. "Has young Lochinvar turned up?" Alice blushed and Daisy hugged her delightedly.

"It's a romance, then," she exclaimed. "You demure and proper young person; just think of it! Dad says, 'Dash it all—'"

♦
"NEVER mind," Alice interrupted, silencing Daisy by clapping a hand over her rosy lips; "I'll tell you about it. But it's awfully exciting and terribly complicated, Daisy. I hardly know where to begin. I've asked Harry Randolph to lunch and I'm going to get him to advise me."

"Pooh, better take mine," Daisy said contemptuously.

"You'll give it away," Alice retorted. "Now, listen. You know all about the trip to Hartford."

"M-m-m. I know what you told me," Daisy replied guardedly.

"Don't be silly. You remember that suit case."

"Yes."

"Daisy, that was *his* suit case," impressively.

"Then, why didn't you make him carry it?"

"Because I thought it was Uncle Jim's," Alice explained in growing excitement, "and that I was taking it to him in Hartford. And all the time it was *his* and had been stolen from him and had his whole fortune in it, and he's lost a terrible lot of money rather than say a word about it."

"What a silly. Why didn't he tell you it was *his*?"

"I don't know; I suppose he—he didn't want to hurt my

WHAT YOU MAY HAVE MISSED—John Page has won success and fortune as a Wyoming ranchman and owner of an immensely valuable mining property. He comes to New York to direct the sale of stock in the property. The day of his arrival his suit case is stolen. He accidentally spies it a few hours later in possession of a young woman who is driving away from a mansion near Fifth Avenue. He gives chase, finally arranging for a seat opposite her in the parlor car en route to Hartford, Conn. He falls in love, and manages to meet her at the hotel in Hartford. While they are talking a motoring party enters the hotel and one of its members, Mrs. Laurence Cauldwell, with a cry of surprise, recognizes the girl as Alice Wainwright. Maintaining her composure, the latter introduces Page, explaining to him, after the elder woman has departed, that Mrs. Cauldwell is a family friend and a remorseless gossip. Page assures her that he will never mention their adventure without her permission. They return to New York by different trains. Next day Page and a friend, Harry Randolph, happen to meet Mrs. Cauldwell and are invited to tea at her residence. There Page meets Miss Wainwright who is falsely informed by Dan Walsh, a rival, that Page had boasted publicly of his trip to Hartford with her. Page calls on Alice later and exonerates himself.

feelings. You see, Uncle Jim was his lawyer when the suit case was stolen, and there was a bear raid on his stock in Wall Street, and altogether it looked queer. And I met him again at Mrs. Cauldwell's yesterday afternoon and he came here right after tea because somebody had told me something about him that wasn't true and he told me the whole story."

Alice was flushed and excited when Daisy forcibly checked her rapid flow of words and drew a long breath.

"Whew!" she exclaimed. "Never mind my advice; you want to see a crystal gazer. But how did you get the suit case?"

"That's just the mystery," Alice cried. "In some way it reached this house, just where it ought not to have been. I haven't asked Uncle Jim about it; I'm afraid to until I've talked with Harry Randolph."

"Don't talk to him until I go home; I came to have a good time," Daisy begged. "But how about your precious reputation? Has Lady Cauldwell chattered?"

Alice looked dismayed.

♦
"I THINK she has," she confided ruefully. "Aunt Laura has heard that I met Mr. Page in Hartford and, of course, when she asked me I told her all about it."

"Of course," supplemented Daisy.

"And she doesn't think anything of it," Alice went on with severe dignity; "but goodness knows what Uncle Jim will say or do when he hears all about it."

"There will be an awful splash," Daisy predicted.

"I'm afraid so. But, anyway, I think it's a shame that Mr. Page has had so much trouble, and I feel that it is partly my fault. I'm going to see if I can't help in some way." Daisy's suggestions were picturesque but impracticable. The two girls were still deep in a discussion of the mystery when Randolph was announced, and it was after a merry luncheon that Alice brought up the subject.

"Can you tell me about Mr. Page's troubles and what caused them?" she asked abruptly.

"Why, what do you know about Page's troubles?" was the astonished rejoinder.

"Wise young woman; knows a lot," Miss Phillips assured him, as she sat curled up in a big armchair, munching chocolate. Alice maintained a dignified air of interest while Randolph laughed.

"He told me something about it," she explained, "and I want to know the rest. I may be able to help," she explained.

Randolph told her about the attack on the stock of the Twin Consolidated Gold Mine in Wall Street and of Page's determination to reimburse stockholders for any losses they had suffered, which he regarded as Quixotic and expensive.

"You see, somebody stole a suit case with all his securities and papers in it, and he thinks that that has something to do with the bear raid. It may have or it may not. The worst of it is that he won't tell anything about the theft, or let us try to recover the suit case."

"Oh, he hasn't told you about that, then?"

"Why, no."

"Then I will," firmly.

"Yes, Alice will tell you," Daisy gurgled. "She does it beautifully."

Alice began with the telegram from her uncle, asking that his suit case containing papers be sent to him in Hartford and told in detail of the trip, of Mrs. Cauldwell, of the tea party, of the slanderous report about Page which

had reached her, at which Randolph grew explosively angry, and of Page's call.

"You do it better each time," was Daisy's approving comment, while Randolph walked up and down the room in a brown study.

"By Jove, I begin to see through it!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What do you see?" both cried.

Randolph continued to pace the floor for a moment, lost in his mental processes until Daisy, growing impatient, fell into step with him, mimicking his mein. Suddenly he laughed and answered: "Is Mary, your housemaid, still with you, Alice?"

"Why, yes; but she is probably out for the afternoon."

"That suit case was stolen from the Astorbilt," Randolph continued reflectively. "And it was brought or sent from there to this house."

"So it would seem," Alice admitted, "but you certainly don't think that Mary did it?"

"Oh, no, Mary didn't," Randolph said laughing. "But Mary has a brother—a wild sort of a youngster, with city vices and incidentally a lot of good in him. I got him a job as a bell-hop—a page, you know—at the Astorbilt."

"Oh, that would break Mary's heart," Alice protested. "Surely he didn't do it and if he did Mary wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"Of course she wouldn't if she knew," Randolph answered; "but equally of course if she didn't know. Now don't say anything about it to her. Just give me her address and I'll make a quiet investigation."

Alice summoned the butler, who furnished Mary's address. Randolph made a note of it. "I suppose you've searched the house for the suit case," he said.

+

"EVERY nook and corner of it," Alice assured him.

"Well, just leave that part of the mystery to me," Randolph said. "I'll report in a day or two, and I think we'll find the suit case."

"Will that help him—Mr. Page?" Alice asked.

"Yes, that's important," Daisy added quickly. "Mustn't forget Mr. Page."

"Well, I think it will relieve his mind," Randolph laughed.

"And shall I ask Uncle Jim about it?"

"No, I wouldn't just yet; it might upset some of John's plans."

"But I want to help. Can't I do something for his stock? I have some money, you know."

"How much have you?" Randolph asked reflectively.

"I have \$50,000 in the Trust Company."

"Oh, you Hetty Green!" Daisy exclaimed. Randolph laughed.

"I wouldn't draw it all out, if I were you," he said, "but if you want to buy a little Twin Consolidated it might help. Did you ever take a flyer in Wall Street?"

"No, but I would like to, if it will do any good. You see, I feel in a way responsible, because it was on my account that Mr. Page wouldn't tell about the suit case."

"I see," Randolph acquiesced gravely. Having perfect confidence in the Twin Consolidated, he felt that it would do no harm to allow Alice to gratify her wish to help by buying some of the stock, and he unhesitatingly gave her the name of a firm of brokers.

"Just tell them you want to buy Twin Consolidated," he explained, "and they'll get the stock for you."

"How much is it?" Daisy asked cautiously.

"About \$2 a share."

"I'll buy some, too," Daisy declared promptly. "I came

to New York to shop and I'd rather buy mining stock than shirt waists. I'll telephone mamma to send me some money and also that you recommend the investment."

Randolph agreed to be held responsible, and they were gaily discussing details of their plunge into Wall Street when Mr. James Conrad unexpectedly arrived. It was not usual for that gentleman to desert his business affairs to spend an afternoon at home, and his bearing as he entered the drawing-room indicated that he was considerably ruffled about something. He was rather curt in his greetings and began at once to get something off his mind. "Alice, do you know a young man named Page; John Page?" he demanded.

Alice reddened under the penetrating eyes of her uncle.

"Humph! I see you do," he observed drily. "Do you happen to know him, Harry?"

"Intimately," Randolph replied. "He's my best friend."



"NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT," SHE COMMANDED. "HAS YOUNG LOCHINVAR TURNED UP?"

Mr. Conrad's pink cheeks grew hectic as he looked at Miss Phillips who, unawed by the gathering storm, giggled joyously. "I don't know him yet," she volunteered, shaking her head and opening her blue eyes very wide, "but I rather anticipate meeting him."

"I hope that it will not be here," Mr. Conrad remarked with the utmost severity. "That young man is either a maniac or a knave," he finished explosively.

"Oh, I say, he's one of the best fellows that ever lived," Randolph protested. "There's some mistake—"

"There is, sir," Mr. Conrad acquiesced. "The mistake is that I ever had anything to do with his infernal affairs."

"Why, Uncle Jim, have you ever seen Mr. Page?" Alice asked.

"Yes, I have seen him. He called at my office today for

(Continued on page 27)

FRENCH DAMES IN BOUDOIR AND EN FETE

By Anne Overton



No. 1

No. 2

ONE thing which impresses me most about the French women is their exquisite neatness at home as well as abroad. In the privacy of their own boudoirs their toilettes are as dainty and becoming, though simpler, of course, than the fetching gowns in which they array themselves on festal occasions. Going not long since to the Avenue de l'Alma for an informal visit with Madame Dunin to whom I had had social introductions, I was ushered by the liveried footman, immediately he had presented my visiting card, to the little private sitting-room of Madame on the second floor of her handsome home. I was taken up so soon that I knew she had no time to make any change in her toilette. I found her in the charming boudoir costume illustrated in No. 1, a black and white checked and bordered chiffon taffeta. The surplice waist was wonderfully becoming, and the wide tucked bretelles gave her pretty French shoulders the most graceful droop imaginable. I used my eyes well as I talked for I thought it one of the loveliest house gowns I had seen, and I wanted to fix the details well in my memory. I mean to copy it, for I then and there resolved that I would henceforth be as particular about my house gowns as my street or reception dresses.



AS I came away Madame Dunin invited me to go with her the next afternoon to a fête champêtre or open air tea to be given by a friend who lives in one of those lovely places with gardens under the overhanging trees of the Quai de la Reine. She said she had asked Madame Lavoisier for an invitation for her charming American friend (the italics are mine) and I would receive my card that day.

How shall I describe the delights of that perfect afternoon? Madame Dunin called for me in her electric motor and we sped through the beautiful streets of Paris, across the Champs Elysées and along the quiet avenue bordering the river. The old garden was a vision with its formal walks and flower beds bordered by square cut low box hedges. The smooth grass-plat in the center where the dainty tea table was spread, was shaded by tall old trees



No. 3

apparently of a century's growth. The glamor of early summer in Paris lay over it all, brooding in a restfulness that made life seem an easy dream. The noises of the city, subdued to a gentle murmur, increased my feeling of aloofness from the world and I wandered about in blissful release from care. But I did not forget to use my eyes in taking account of the gowns worn by those well-groomed French women. I wish I could have made pictures of them all, but I felt fortunate in being able to describe the few I am showing you here. No. 2 is a *chic* costume of bordered foulard worn by a rather stout matron. That girl seated on the bench in No. 3 is almost Greek in her classic outline, but isn't she smart? And the lace coat bordered with fur shown in No. 4, made the daintiest costume imaginable. The best of it is, there wasn't a dress there that we couldn't reproduce in America with our own patterns and in materials to be had in every store. By exercising her ingenuity the woman with a small income can have as smart a dress as any I saw at that afternoon fête.



No. 4

MANY American women have an idea that French fashions are very extreme and must be greatly modified before they are suited to the more sober transatlantic taste. This is all a mistake. Of course you do see horribly extreme things over here but they are worn by the same class of women who flaunt the exaggerated styles on the streets the world over. The real French woman, with her native refinement and *chic* taste, understands the art to perfection, of adapting her dress to her own personality. These gowns that I saw at that fête are typical, but as conservative and tasteful as anyone would want. It is just the little individual touch that she understands so well how to give that makes the French woman's methods worth studying. She adapts the styles to herself and makes them her own.

THE REINCARNATION OF MISS HETTY

PRIZE WINNING STORY NUMBER TWO

By Marjorie Kinnan, Washington, D. C.



MISS HETTY SIMPKINS sat alone on the side veranda, knitting. Her flying needles defied the heat of the June day, although the rest of the Burnesville ladies had given up all attempt at labor, and now sat upon their front porches, or under the shade of the door-yard trees, gossiping and fanning themselves. Miss Hetty did not approve of sitting on the front porch. It subjected one unnecessarily to the gaze of passers by. And as for gossiping—bless my stars, Miss Hetty would as soon have thought of gossiping as of killing some one or missing church service. In respect to that destroyer of reputation she would have quoted tersely, "Let your conversation be yea, yea and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil."

Neither did she care to fan herself. As for that, "Humph!" she would have said, "if a body hasn't any more to do than to sit and twiddle a fan, I haven't much use for that body!" Wherefore she was sitting, alone, on the side veranda, knitting.

The stillness hung sultrily; not a breath of air stirred. Off in the fields, and in Miss Hetty's prim, old-fashioned garden, with its wealth of sweetness, the bees droned busily, the steady hum and buzz the only sound that broke the quiet, save when now and then a wood-thrush called to his mate from the lilac bush.

As she worked at her knitting, Miss Hetty allowed her mind to roam back over the past; a dreary past, that had made her crabbed, as the villagers said. Her parents had died while she was little more than a child, and with no relatives or friends to assist her, she had assumed all the responsibilities of a woman and mother in bringing up her baby brother, a golden-haired child in whom her whole soul had been centered. Her one delight was to satisfy his whims, and love and cuddle him.

By twenty she was a fully matured woman; and then one day they brought him home to her from the river, drowned, the golden curls dripping, the fair face blue and ghastly. Forty-two years had passed since that day, and at sixty-two, Miss Hetty was as bitter as the wormwood in the medicine chest. She remained as bustling, as neat and as precise as ever, (and incidentally as unapproachable), through all the years. The Burnesville ladies had long since ceased to be friendly, and now scarcely bothered to chatter about her behind her back; the village boys never molested her apple tree; no stray cats or dogs ever visited her back yard—for boys, cats and dogs alike were wise, and from experience.

Suddenly Miss Hetty gathered up her knitting, thrust it into her workbag, and hurried into the house, to emerge in a few moments with her best bonnet tied carefully upon her white hair, and her black lace mitts upon her hands. With a great deal of bustle and excitement she locked the door, and slipping the key under the door mat, settled her silver-rimmed spectacles more firmly upon her nose, then started off briskly toward "town." She had almost forgotten that she was entirely out of calico, and it was time to make some new aprons.

* * * * *

Miss Hetty was tired.

"Please, lady—"

She started. The voice, tiny, high-pitched and quavering, seemed to come from nowhere at all.

"Please, lady—"

Miss Marjorie Kinnan, who was awarded the second prize of \$75. in our Child Authorship Contest, was born and lives in Washington City where she has advanced from Kindergarten to High School. She is fifteen years of age, and some of her short stories have appeared on the Children's Page of the Washington newspapers. She was recently appointed assistant editor of the High School Magazine in her native city.



MARJORIE KINNAN

Miss Hetty looked down—and located the voice. It came from a wee mite of a child, a very, very, dirty child, with two white streaks running down its face, marking the passage of the tears; his yellow hair was tangled; his elbows protruded from the ragged shirt; his legs were bare; his face, naturally chubby, was pinched—but he was a dimpled, lovable child—in spite of the dirt and the ragged clothes.

Miss Hetty edged away. "What is it, child?" she said harshly.

The red lips quivered, although the blue eyes raised to hers were hopeful. "Please, lady, don't—don'tcher wanter buy a dorg?"

She raised her hands deprecatingly. Involuntarily she closed her eyes—and shuddered. "Gracious child, no!" she gasped, "I detest dogs!"

The child fought back the tears disappointedly. "It—it's a very nice dorg," he said. "Look, lady! He likes yer—he's a-waggin' of his tail!"

Miss Hetty glanced down at the dog. It was just an ordinary little pup, with a stumpy tail and foolish watery eyes, but the child hugged it affectionately. One glance was enough for her, and picking up her skirts, she started down the road once more. "Don't ever say 'dog' to Hetty Simpkins," she announced decisively.

The wee boy buried his face in the puppy's fur; stifled sobs came to the ears of Miss Hetty, but she seemed quite deaf to them. All during her shopping trip, and all the way home, a vague sense of uneasiness pervaded her. Poignant memories of a golden-haired

child in a little white casket assailed her. Something pricked her conscience—the remembrance of two blue eyes raised confidingly and hopefully to her face, the remembrance of baby lips quivering at her harsh, unkind words. She thought of her own lonely, useless life, and again the image of the white casket rose before her.

Miss Hetty was not one to hesitate long. She stopped directly in the road. "Bless my stars!" she announced, "I'll wager anything that that child is starving, and was selling that horrid dog to keep himself alive! There's something queer about it, at any rate. Hetty Simpkins, it's your bounden duty to go back and find him! Here you are, a lone woman, with never a chick nor a child to take some of the sourness out of life, when you might be helping some poor orphan, and yourself at the same time!"

Her mind made up, she retraced her steps. The sun was sinking and one star in the east announced the coming of night. She was almost back to Burnesville, and nearly despairing of finding the child, when a low whine called to her notice the "dorg."

The child must be somewhere near, she reflected. Yes, there was a flutter of something white in the bushes. She hurried towards it. There he was, fast asleep, a sturdy specimen of childhood, despite the wan shadows beneath the big blue eyes. Miss Hetty stooped and gathered him in her arms. Carefully, lest he awaken, she carried him all the long way home to her cottage, the puppy following close behind. Once he opened his eyes. An awful doubt assailed her—perhaps the child was not an orphan, after all—perhaps she had no right to him.

"Dearie," she said, very softly indeed for her, "where are your folks?"

The child shook his head sleepily. "Hain't got any folkses. Me lives at orphan 'sylum. No folkses 'tall."

And Miss Hetty's heart was at rest.

(Continued on page 72)



4771-4769

4479-4751

4776

LEADING MOTIFS FOR SMART PEOPLE

For descriptions see page 33

Shade Hats and Sunbonnets

By Mme. Ricardier

FOR many long years the sunbonnet has fallen into disfavor and has even been an object of ridicule in the fashionable world. Novelists and story writers wishing to depict some especial gaucherie generally gave the perpetrator a sunbonnet to wear, and only in remote and outlying districts did they permit their characters to appear in this primitive head covering. But the turn of the wheel of fashion is bringing the despised to its own again. Revival of the fashions of pre-revolutionary times has turned the thoughts of womankind to the pathetic dreams of the poor queen, *Marie Antoinette*, who played at being a milkmaid in *La Laiterie*, and with her gay companions in panniered skirts and sunbonnets, disported as shepherdess on the pretty grounds of *La Petite Trianon*. Be sure the sunbonnet of that type bore no resemblance except remotely in shape, to the slat bonnets or straw "shakers" now banished to the secluded coves of far-off mountain regions.

No. 1 gives us some idea of the dainty confection named for the unfortunate queen, the *Marie Antoinette* sunbonnet. And is not this bonnet lovely enough for a queen? Instead of calico or gingham, pale blue crépe was employed in the construction of crown and brim, the latter being veiled in addition with soft folds of maline. A fall of Irish lace droops over the front, while rosebuds and knots of ribbon in pale pink and blue combination so loved by the French



No. 4—Susanne Talbot Arbor Hat

No. 2—A Lingerie Sunbonnet

No. 1—Marie Antoinette Sunbonnet

queen—are set low at the sides and gathered in with the long meline ties.

An adaptation of the big bonnets from under which the pretty faces of those women of an earlier time peeped coyly forth, and a sort of compromise between the older sunbonnet and the big hat of more modern times, is seen in No. 2. Crown and underside of brim are covered with ruchings of Valenciennes lace. A wide frill of handsome Swiss embroidery encircles the crown and is drawn up into a big bow at the back, edged with the Valenciennes. A wreath of tiny roses with foliage completes a bonnet which seems a sunbonnet only in name when compared with the oldtime straight and ugly lines.



IN No. 3, which I have called the "Compromise," we see the gradual evolution of the sunbonnet shape into the drooping brim which preceded the flaring contour of the shade hat. This is a hat which will be found becoming to most faces, and an ideal hat for service in the sunlit days of July and August. In shape it is exactly like an inverted basin. As we see it here it is developed in Leghorn straw with quillings of filet lace underneath for the softening effect upon the face. A twist of liberty silk is drawn around the crown, ending in the big soft knot on the right side. Little bunches of pink rosebuds are at the sides on the one peeping out from



No. 3—The Compromise



No. 5—Shade Hat

beneath the folds of the knot, on the other resting on the brim just at the edge of the silken covering of the crown.



FROM this to the wonderfully garlanded Susanne Talbot Arbor hat in No. 4 is not a long step. Just flare the brim up in the front and out at the back and twine your roses into garlands about it and you have one of the prettiest shade hats possible to be developed out of the sunbonnet idea. The shape is covered above and beneath, with liberty silk printed with a net and rosebud pattern, and near the edge of the brim is a vine of roses and leaves. A lattice of flowers is over the crown, bunches of pale-blue forget-me-nots mingling with the roses in the pink and blue color scheme of the sunbonnet.

A logical conclusion to these varying conceptions is the large shade hat, pure and simple, illustrated in No. 5. Not a shade hat in the strictest sense if by that term you think of the widespread rough straws for country wear. But a lovely shade hat of net, lace covered, inside and out, with a rose tinted quilling on the edge, and a double quilling of pink chiffon taffeta with black corded edge about the crown. A lace bow at the back and a cluster of pale-blue convolvulus at the side are additional features. Does not this lovely creation complete the progression from sunbonnet to shade hat?



4791-4784

4765

4779-4777

ROBESPIERRE COLLARS AND LACE JABOTS

See descriptions on page 32



4746-3975-4775

4773

4759-4761

OVER-WAISTS AND SKIRT DRAPERIES

See descriptions on page 32

Robespierre Collars and Lace Jabots

Over-Waists and Skirt Draperies

(For illustrations see pages 30 and 31)

NO. 4791, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This attractive waist, with the chemisette which may be omitted if preferred, has two styles of collar, a flat collar as seen in the small view on this page, and the stylish Robespierre collar illustrated on page 30. The Robespierre collar has proven very popular since its introduction this summer, being becoming to most persons, and made frilly and dressy by the full lace jabot, which should always accompany it. The waist itself may appropriately be made of silk or any wash material. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

✳✳✳

No. 4784, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—With or without the side panniers which are cut with a decided ripple at the lower edge, this skirt has a distinction of its own which will please a tasteful woman. As seen on page 30 in combination with waist No. 4791, it makes a pretty linen costume. Taffeta will also be a suitable development. The pattern is in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch goods, and measures two and a quarter yards at the lower edge.

✳✳✳

No. 4765, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—With the pretty style features of dropped shoulder and round collar with wide lace jabot this is an up-to-date model for the popular one-piece dress of taffeta or linen. The pattern is in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four and a half yards of material forty-four inches wide. The four-gored skirt measures, when finished, one and seven-eighth yards at the hem.

✳✳✳

No. 4779, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Another pretty lace jabot is made possible by this design with its graceful side-closing, so similar to the line on skirt No. 4775 that it makes a charming costume. Linen and taffeta will be equally suitable for the dress. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure and requires for size thirty-six, one and seven-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

✳✳✳

No. 4777, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—*En suite* with waist No. 4779, with which it is uniform in cut, this graceful skirt adds another possibility to the stylish one-sided costumes of taffeta, linen or chambray. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. To make it in size twenty-six will take three and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch goods. The skirt measures two and a quarter yards at the bottom.

✳✳✳

No. 4746, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-OVER WAIST (15 cents).—This slip-over waist for ladies and misses, sometimes called the Joan of Arc waist, is a most attractive addition to a dress. It may be made either of lace or embroidery as the wearer chooses. As illustrated on page 31, with waist No. 4397 and skirt No. 4775, it completes a linen and embroidery costume of great beauty. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. To make the waist in any size will take one and seven-eighth yards of any width material.

✳✳✳

No. 4775, LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Skirts with six gores are always good models for slender women as well as large ones, the number of seams contributing to that trim appearance all women strive for. With waist No. 4397 and over-waist No. 4746, this makes a stylish costume. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three yards of goods forty-four inches wide, and measures two and a half yards around the bottom.

✳✳✳

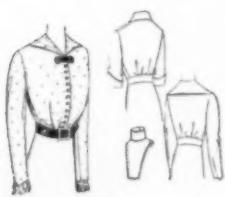
No. 4773, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The reappearance of drapery is indicated in this model in a conservative arrangement of fulness in the front which makes the skirt a very graceful one. For those, however, who prefer the straight lines with which use has made us familiar, this draped effect at side-front may be omitted. The skirt may be cut in three or four gores. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. To make the dress in size thirty-six requires four and a half yards of forty-four-inch material. At the lower edge the skirt measures two and three-eighth yards.

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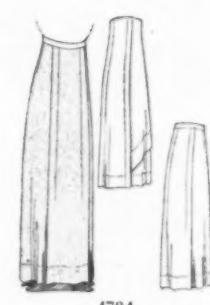
No. 4761, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—This is a very attractive model for the taffeta, linen or madras skirt. It makes a *chic* costume with waist No. 4759. The pattern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires five and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch goods, and measures two and a half yards at the hem.

✳✳✳

No. 4759, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—With skirt No. 4761 this makes a beautiful foulard taffeta or linen costume. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and a quarter yards of thirty-six-inch goods.



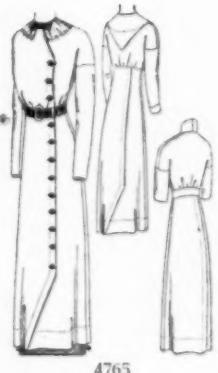
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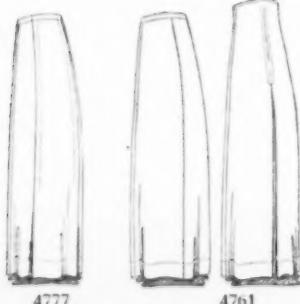
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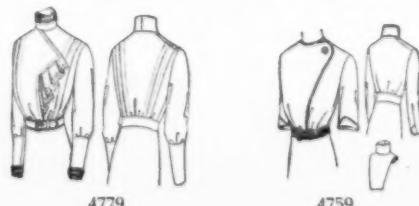
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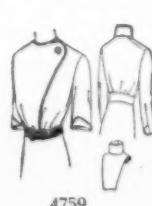
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4775



4779



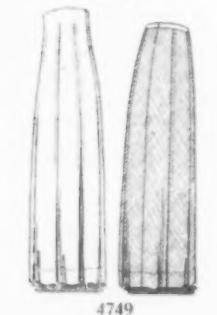
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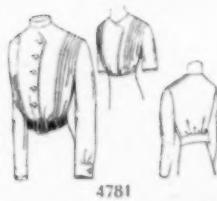
4761



4763



4749



4781



4771-4769

4479-4751



4776

NO. 4781, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—Pretty tabs along the line of the front-closing give an ultra smart look to this waist which will appeal to women who like to be well-dressed without undue elaboration. The waist may also be made with straight closing and two styles of sleeve adapt it still further to possible variations of taste. With skirt No. 4749 it makes the kind of a shirt-waist costume that proclaims discrimination. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.



NO. 4749, LADIES' SEVEN-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Seven-gored skirts are always in demand, being liked by slender women as well as those of more ample proportions for the trim appearance they give the form. This is a simple yet *chic* design for a separate skirt of linen, taffeta, serge or any appropriate material. Shown here with waist No. 4781, it will be equally satisfactory with other shirt waists or in costume with a blouse of the same goods. The pattern is in nine sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-eight inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material, and measures three yards around the bottom.



NO. 4763, LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST DRESS (15 cents).—For the fresh, cool shirt-waist dress for general summer wear this design is unsurpassed. It may be developed in lawn, cotton voile, linen, madras or any similar material. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. To make the dress in size thirty-six requires four and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Three-eighths of a yard will make the large collar, or five-eighths the smaller collar, cuffs and pocket. The skirt measures two and three-eighth yards at the hem.



Leading Motifs for Smart People

(For illustrations see page 28)

NO. 4771, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Although to be worn with any skirt this blouse seems made to wear with skirt No. 4769, as shown on page 28. Either taffeta or linen will make a lovely costume of this design. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. To make it in size thirty-six will take two yards of thirty-six-inch material.



NO. 4760, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Combined with waist No. 4771 this skirt makes an up-to-date summer costume which will appeal to the smart woman. The pattern is in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch goods, and measures two yards at the bottom.



NO. 4479, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—An excellent model for a linen or a taffeta waist, making with skirt No. 4751 an attractive summer dress. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six takes two and three-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Transfer Design No. 403 will embroider the waist attractively.



NO. 4751, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Notable among the new skirts is this pretty model with the little pleated sections in the sides. It is suitable for taffeta, foulard or linen. The effect of the skirt is seen here with waist No. 4479 and again on page 35 with waist No. 4755. The pattern is in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and a half yards of thirty-six-inch goods, and measures two and three-quarter yards at hem.



NO. 4776, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—A smart design which may be developed in several ways as seen by comparison of small views on this page with illustration on page 28. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. For an eight-year-old girl, four and five-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material will be necessary.

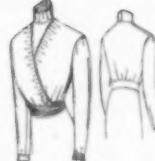
Pretty Versions of Simple Gowns



4781-4749



4763



4479

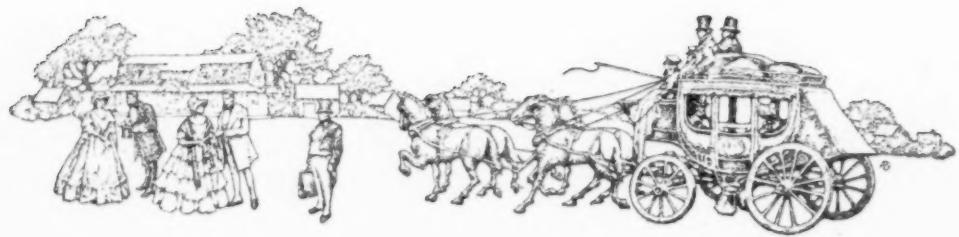


4751



4771

4769



New Definitions of Summer Styles



4747



No. 4747, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—What more attractive for a summer afternoon tea or calling costume than the dainty linen dress, refreshed at the least sign of weariness by a visit to the laundry? Of recent designs for such a frock none is more engaging than this. As illustrated on the opposite page it is developed in tan linen and bands of white linen braided with brown soutache in Transfer Design No. 313. Other possibilities are indicated in the small views on this page. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Three-eighths of a yard of allover lace will make the yoke. The skirt measures two and seven-eighth yards at the hem.



No. 4755, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Suitable for foulard, taffeta or linen, this charming waist is combined with skirt No. 4751 to make one of the daintiest dresses of this season. Lavender foulard is used for it, with plain lavender messaline bretelles. The deep yoke is made of allover imitation Irish crochet lace. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. To make the waist in size thirty-six requires one and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide. Three-eighths of a yard of goods will be needed for the bretelles, and seven-eighths of a yard of allover lace for the yoke.

The five-gored skirt, No. 4751, illustrated with this waist, is shown in another pretty costume on page 28, and fully described on page 33.



No. 4623, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Conspicuous among the lovely summer goods are the voiles, which make such attractive dresses for social affairs of all kinds. This design is especially adapted to goods of that character, linen lawn, batiste, or other soft fabrics making up as well as the voile. As illustrated on the opposite page it is combined with skirt No. 4621 in a blue voile costume that is particularly smart. Rever, cuffs and neckband are made of point de Venise lace. A feature of this blouse which will appeal to many women is the absence of seams on the shoulders and the set-in sleeves in kimono effect. It is a blouse which will be equally becoming to large and small women. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. To make the waist in size thirty-six will require two yards of goods forty-four inches wide.



No. 4621, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Designs which make the skirt of soft, clinging materials as smart as the one of taffeta or heavy linen have especial value in this season of voiles, crêpes, chiffons and flowered muslins, any one of which will please if developed by this model. The small tucks, front or back, adjust it to the figure at waist and hips, while providing a graceful ease at the lower edge of the skirt. It is seen at its best combined with waist No. 4623 in the pretty blue voile costume illustrated on the opposite page. The small views on this page show the entire skirt and the stitching of the tucks well down over the hips. It is a skirt which will be becoming to a woman of any age. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide. At the lower edge the skirt measures two and one-eighth yards.



No. 4785, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—A number of new features combine to make this waist one of this year's most fashionable garments. It has the Robespierre collar which has caught the popular fancy, the dropped shoulder, a revival of the styles of 1860, and a version of the peplum which will be becoming to most figures. Possibility of development in different guise adds to the importance of the design. As illustrated, made of eyelet embroidery and worn with skirt No. 4788 in pink linen, it is a pretty summer dress. It may also be developed in taffeta, dark blue, black or changeable, to wear with lingerie skirts, and it will be particularly smart and up-to-date in white serge or Bedford cord with a skirt of black satin.

The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and three-eighth yards of material forty-four inches wide, with three-quarters of a yard of allover lace for the chemisette.



No. 4788, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The possibility of cutting this stylish skirt with three or four gores, and making it with inverted pleat or habit back adds greatly to the desirability of the model, and adapts it to a variety of materials, as taffeta, voile or linen. As seen in the view on the opposite page, developed in pink linen and worn with waist No. 4785, its good style is at once apparent. For the mature woman and for the slender figure alike, it makes an attractive dress. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. For size twenty-six, two and three-quarter yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be necessary. At the lower edge the skirt measures two and three-quarter yards.



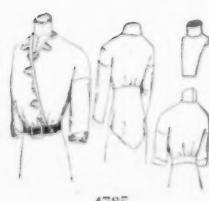
4755



4623



4621



4785



4788



4747

4755-4751

4623-4621

4785-4788

NEW DEFINITIONS OF SUMMER STYLES

FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE OPPOSITE PAGE



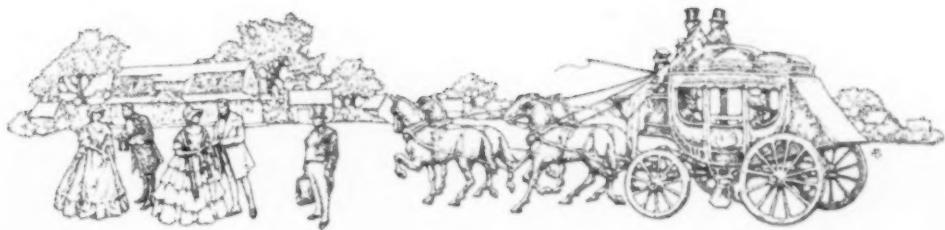
4639-4697

4789-4786

4772

THE LATEST HINTS IN FASHION'S REALM

FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE OPPOSITE PAGE



The Latest Hints in Fashion's Realm



NO. 4639, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—With the yoke this model is a very good one for the batiste and embroidery dress as we see it on page 36, where, with skirt No. 4697, it presents a most attractive summer dress. Eyelet embroidery makes the yoke ornamental, and batiste flouncing to match the skirt edges the 'pretty elbow' sleeves. Either with or without the yoke the waist is a splendid design for development in linen, batiste, taffeta, voile or any material appropriate for a separate waist or the blouse *en costume*. The sleeves may be worn short or lengthened by gauntlet cuffs to comfortable long sleeves for cool weather. Five small tucks over each shoulder provide the fulness at the sides which gives that desirable ease everyone likes in a blouse. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. To make the waist in size thirty-six, two and one-eighth yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be necessary. One and three-quarter yards of insertion or beading will trim the neck and sleeves.



No. 4697, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Having a straight lower edge this skirt is a good one for the flouncings and bordered materials so fashionable this season. It is seen at its best in such development on the opposite page, where it is illustrated with waist No. 4639 as a gown of batiste flouncing and allover embroidery. The good effect of the skirt with high waistline, and fulness laid in dart tucks is seen in this view. It may also be gathered, making it a desirable model for voile or marquisette over a silk underskirt. If preferred, it may be cut off at the normal waistline and worn with a belt or girdle. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. To make the skirt in plain material, size twenty-six will require two and three-quarter yards of goods forty-four inches wide, or it will take two and three-eighth yards of bordered material or flouncing forty-nine inches wide. Around the bottom the skirt will measure two and one-quarter yards when finished.



No. 4789, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—For an attractive and up-to-date evening waist no better design than this has been seen of late. The quaint, one-sided effect is in accord with the most recent fashions, and quite in keeping with the pannier skirt, No. 4786, as seen on the opposite page. A lovely Dresden silk in the new sulphur color was combined with an allover Point de Venise lace in developing the pattern. Other uses for the design are illustrated in the small views on this page, where it is seen as a useful model for taffeta and linen, with yoke of like material or of lace. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. For size thirty-six it requires two and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material, if made of the same goods throughout. To make it in any size, as illustrated on page 36, one and one-eighth yards of eighteen-inch material for the over-waist and two and three-eighth yards of eighteen-inch allover lace will be necessary.



No. 4786, LADIES' PANNIER SKIRT (15 cents).—Advices from Paris proclaiming the pannier skirt awakened much interest in the design, and, contrary to the predictions of the conservatives, it is proving a popular model for the lovely Dresden silks and flowered voiles and muslin with which merchants are tempting beauty-loving womankind. Our illustration shows it with waist No. 4789 developed in plain and flowered sulphur colored chiffon taffeta as a most attractive evening dress. The skirt is made slightly *en traine*, the sweep being now almost indispensable to a gown of this character. The lovely flowers which catch the drapery on the skirt and adorn the bodice and sleeves are made of silk and can easily be fabricated by clever fingers from ribbon or bits of silk to match the colors chosen for the dress. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires five and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide. To make the pannier will require two yards of either thirty-six or forty-four inch material. The completed skirt measures two and a half yards at the lower edge.



No. 4772, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—No more seasonable model for the young girl's summer dress can be had than this pretty frock with its many possibilities in the way of development in silks and in all kinds of thin materials. For a dressy gown of dotted swiss, as illustrated on page 36, it leaves nothing to be desired, especially when trimmed as represented, with rever of allover imitation Irish crochet lace and bands of insertion to match. Small views on this page realize its usefulness as a plainer gown of linen, zephyr gingham or other like tub materials. The skirt is a two-piece skirt with raised or normal waistline, and two styles of sleeve offer still further scope for the exercise of individual taste. The pattern is in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. For size sixteen four and one-quarter yards of goods thirty-six inches wide will be needed. Three-eighths of a yard of lace will make the rever. The skirt, when finished, measures two yards at the hem.



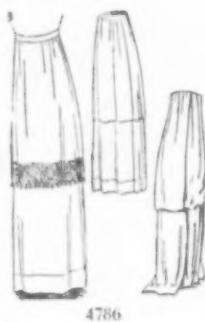
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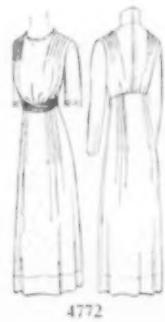
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4789



4786



4772



Gowns for the Older Generation

NO. 4581, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST DRESS (15 cents).—Complaints that fashion designers have in mind only young and slender women are no longer justified since so many of the most beautiful models of late run into the very large sizes. The beauty of the mature figure is recognized and its charms enhanced by the graceful lines of the dress of today. This shirtwaist dress is a charming costume for general wear. It will be found very becoming to an older woman or to one who has taken on the more matronly curves of middle age. The extension of the front closing line of waist and skirt gives opportunity for the simple trimming feature of buttons and loops which is really the most fitting garniture for a dress of this character. If preferred, however, the extension may be omitted from the skirt or from waist and skirt alike, the closing being accomplished by means of the usual conservative straight line. A wide range of material is possible in the development of this dainty frock. Linen, of course, will occur to mind first, in this season of that delightful fabric, but chambray, madras, crash, voile, foulard and taffeta will all be suitable media for its presentation. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Five yards of goods forty-four inches wide will be necessary to make the dress in size forty-four. The skirt when finished will measure two and three-quarter yards around the bottom.

No. 4747, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The woman who has begun to feel that pretty clothes are the prerogative of the very young should make a more careful study of modern designs. She will soon learn that they are the privilege of all ages and at the same time, may be given full value in the development of any size. A comparison of this dress as seen here with the illustration of the same design in color on page 35, will show how pretty it can be made, both for the woman of thirty-six bust measure and the woman who measures forty-two. In both instances the design is developed in linen. In the previous case, it is made of tan linen with brown soutache braid, as described on page 34. Here it is seen as a white linen dress, daintily embroidered on waist and skirt with Transfer Designs Nos. 423 and 424, and with an imitation Irish crochet lace yoke and collar. The gown will be equally attractive made of taffeta, foulard, cotton crêpe and agaric or Turkish toweling. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Size forty-four requires five and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, and skirt measures three and one-eighth yards at the lower edge.

No. 4605, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—This dress is another of the recent designs which have proven immensely popular in all sizes. It is a neat and conservative but very smart application of the one-piece model which has apparently captivated the popular fancy this season. It is a design which may be as happily applied to the tub frock of linen, chambray or madras, as to the more dressy costume of foulard, taffeta, messaline, pongee or shantung silk. As represented here it is a *chic* street dress of lavender linen with neck facing and cuffs of fuchsia-colored linen scalloped in white with Transfer Design No. 318. The facing may be omitted if desired and buttons and loops alone used as illustrated in the small view. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Five and a half yards will be necessary to make the dress in size forty-four. Seven-eighths of a yard of twenty-seven-inch goods will cut the neck facing and cuffs. The skirt measures two and three-eighth yards at the hem.

BESIDES the costumes illustrated on this page, many other McCall designs are cut with reference to the needs of the woman of mature figure, and though pictured in the smaller sizes will have the same grace and style in the large ones. In fact, most of the gowns of the present time are appropriate for all women, old as well as young.

Inexpensive Adaptations of Chic Designs

No. 4787, LADIES' MIDDY BLOUSE (15 cents).—Women as well as girls find the middy blouse becoming. As an outdoor dress for mountain or seaside it has many uses, and it is also a comfortable garment for the stay-at-home to slip on in the morning when engaged in household duties. Either linen or light-weight wool of some kind, as flannel or serge, will be a suitable development. The pattern is in three sizes, small, medium and large. To make the blouse in the medium size will require four and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.



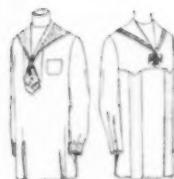
No. 4767, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—This is a good, sensible, plain skirt with good lines which make it wonderfully smart. It is suitable for any material, from the summer skirt of wash material to one made of serge, foulard, taffeta, satin or broadcloth for any season. The back may be made with inverted pleat or habit back. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three and one-eighth yards of goods forty-four inches wide. Two and seven-eighth yards is the measurement at the lower edge.



4787-4767

4787-4767

4783-4788

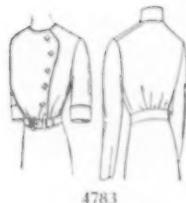


4787

No. 4783, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This is a satisfactory model for the smart morning costume every well-dressed woman likes to own. It combines well with any up-to-date skirt, but combined with skirt No. 4788, as illustrated above, it is a splendid design for the useful linen or foulard general utility gown. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide.



No. 4788, LADIES' THREE OR FOUR GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Another development of this pretty skirt is shown in color on page 35 and fully described on page 34. In that view the effect of the design cut with three gores is seen in the pretty pink linen skirt worn with waist No. 4785. Here we see the neat four-gored cut with side-front closing buttoned from waist to hem in conformity with waist No. 4783, with which it is combined in a *chic* costume. Either linen, silk or wool may be used in the development of this model. For sizes, amount of material and width at lower edge, see page 34.



4783



4788



4767

The Jaunty New Shirt Waists

No. 4465, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Shirt-waist patterns are a subject of never failing interest to the feminine mind, and as the new ones appear, presenting each season new and attractive features, they enter more and more into the scheme of things. This pretty waist, with two styles of sleeve and peplum or pleated frill is a splendid model for the dark taffeta waist to be worn with white skirts, or for one of white linen or Shantung silk with a dark skirt, both fashions being considered particularly smart. The pattern is in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and a quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.



No. 4623, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This design will be welcome to the needleworker who delights to adorn her clothes with the work of her own clever fingers, as without the rever (shown in the small view) it makes one of the daintiest of embroidered waists. As illustrated, the McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Design No. 467 was used in the pretty eyelet and satin stitch pattern worked on the front, the collar and cuffs, making for very small outlay an elaborate dressy waist suitable for any informal social affair of the summer season. The pattern is in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards of forty-four-inch material.



4465

4623

4585

4625

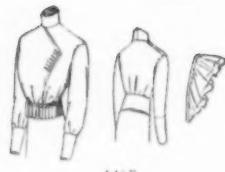
No. 4585, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The tailored waist always has its votaries despite the mutations of fashion, since its trim, well-set-up look is appropriate for many occasions in the life of the average woman for which the more dressy blouse is entirely unsuited. This model will make a stylish tailored waist in linen, madras, pongee, Habutai silk or taffeta. With the collar, short sleeves and bib effect seen in the small view, the same model can be used for the lace-trimmed soft silk or batiste waist that finds so many uses in hot weather. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. One yard of goods will make the deep collar and the turned-back cuffs.



No. 4625, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—Another striking model for a shirt waist is this. With its two possibilities of the front it will please all women—those who like to keep up with the small variations of style, of which the diagonal effect is an attractive one, as well as those who adhere to the smart, manly line of the straight front-closing. The sleeve of this waist is set in in kimono fashion, and two styles of cuff, plain and French cuffs, are included in the pattern. It is one of the best of the recent designs for linen, madras or pongee shirt waists. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. To make the waist in size thirty-six, two and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be necessary.



IN SPITE of all predictions to the contrary, shirt waists and separate blouses continue to be worn. Ever new and more beautiful materials are brought out for them each season. Besides the serviceable Japanese and Chinese silks for tailored waists, there are many soft and dainty fabrics to be had suitable for embroidering or trimming with lace. Several waists like this should be included in every wardrobe.



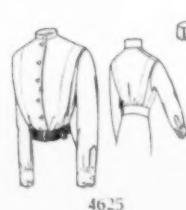
4465



4623



4585



4625

Varied Dress for the Little Folks

No. 4438, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—This dress with over-dress in apron effect makes a cunning little garment for the small miss who delights in pretty clothes as much as her older sisters do. Without the apron it is a very serviceable little frock of linen, gingham, chambray or other tub material. The small view gives the effect of such a dress, the skirt gathered instead of pleated, and the collar and cuffs embroidered with Transfer Design No. 204. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Three and one-eighth yards of material forty-four inches wide will make the dress for a girl of eight.



No. 4780, CHILD'S ROMPERS (10 cents).—The feature of this garment which will appeal to careful mothers is the square gusset in the seams of the legs, which greatly lessens the strain put upon it by an active, healthy child. The little dress may be made with comfortable square neck, or little round collar scalloped with Transfer Design No. 318. As will be seen by comparison of large and small views several other possibilities in the way of front and back closing are allowed by this pattern, which comes in four sizes, from one to six years. Size four requires two and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch material.



No. 4766, BOYS' RUSSIAN DRESS (15 cents).—With bloomers instead of the usual knickerbockers, this suit is especially adapted to the needs of the very small boy. Chambray, madras, linen or any medium weight wash material will develop it to good advantage. The unique closing of the front of the blouse gives it that smart effect as desirable in children's clothes as in those for older people. This pattern may be had in four



4438



4762

sizes, from one to four years. To make the suit for a boy of four will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide. One-quarter of a yard of material will cut the collar.



No. 4758, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS (15 cents).—Another dress with the bloomers now so generally worn instead of petticoats, and in many cities a requisite of school dress prescribed by the authorities, is shown here. White linen or duck with bias bands of plaid about the sleeves and square neck make this a most effective little frock for the small miss, while the omission of the belt makes a dress for the baby of one year. The pattern is obtainable in four sizes, one, two, four and six years. The four-year size requires three yards of material thirty-six inches wide. Transfer Design No. 323 trims the collar.



No. 4762, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—A very smart effect is obtained in this little dress by means of the pretty revers turned back at the front of the neck. The illustration shows the dress developed in blue linen with revers and cuffs of white, a particularly fresh and dainty combination. The revers may be omitted and the neck simply scalloped with Transfer Design No. 323. The little skirt has five gores, the slight fulness arranged in pleats back and front. Wash materials of all kinds, or chalie and cashmere will develop this dress satisfactorily. The pattern comes in four sizes, from six to twelve years. Size eight requires two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. One-quarter of a yard will cut the little revers and cuffs, which will always be a pretty trimming feature, whether the contrast is made by color or fabric.



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4766



4780



4766



4758



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Successful Renderings of Recent Modes

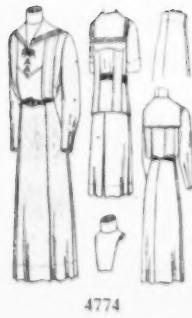
NO. 4546. **MISSES' DRESS** (15 cents).—The fashion now in vogue of making the entire dress of embroidered flouncing is a convenient method of securing a beautifully trimmed gown with the least possible trouble. Such a dress is always fresh and dainty, but so simple in construction that the most inexperienced seamstress can make it satisfactorily. As illustrated on this page the charm of the model, developed in embroidery, will be fully appreciated. The skirt may be gathered, or the fulness may be laid in at the waist in shallow pleats, and the waistline may be raised or at the normal position, as preferred. Plain batiste, lawn or China silk may also be used for this dress, as represented in the small view. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years, being suitable for small women as well as misses. To make the dress in size fifteen will require four and three-quarter yards of plain material thirty-six inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards of forty-eight-inch flouncing for the skirt, and two and a quarter, eighteen inches wide, for the waist front and sleeves. One-quarter of a yard of allover lace will make the yoke in front of waist, and three yards the bretelles if made of lace, as shown in the small view. Three and a half yards of ball trimming will finish the bretelles prettily. The completed skirt measures two yards at the lower edge.



4546



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4774

NO. 4774. **MISSES' NORFOLK MIDDY DRESS** (15 cents).—This popular version of the universally becoming middy costume will be liked by all misses or women of slender figure who are seeking a comfortable dress for summer. For golf or tennis, for tramping or as a house dress it is unequalled. White linen or duck, or serge, either white or blue, will all be suitable materials to use in making it. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years, and requires in the fifteen-year size four and one-eighth yards of fifty-four-inch material. Three-quarters of a yard will make the collar and shield. The skirt, when finished, will measure two and three-eighth yards at the lower edge.

* * *

No. 4764—GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—This is a very attractive little dress, either made as seen above, of blue linen with collar and cuffs of allover embroidery, or as illustrated in the small views, of chambray or gingham with side rever of contrasting material. The collar may also be made of plain linen, either white or tinted. The straight skirt may be gathered or pleated at the waist, and several variations in the sleeves are provided by the pattern. It is cut in five sizes, from four to twelve years. To make the dress in size eight requires three and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide. Five-eighths of a yard will make rever and cuffs, and one yard the collar and cuffs.

Dresses for Misses and Girls

NO. 4782, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is a dainty dress for a miss or small woman, suitable for any of the popular tub materials, wash silk, serge or taffeta. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires three and seven-eighth yards of material forty-four inches wide. Three-eighths of a yard will make the collar and cuffs. The skirt measures one and seven-eighth yards at the hem.

No. 4748, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—This design makes a neat and stylish school dress for a little girl. Very smart is the wide collar with points well down over the arms, though if a simpler construction is preferred the collar may be omitted and the neck, sleeves and belt braided with Transfer Design No. 330. The pattern comes in four sizes, from six to twelve years. Size eight requires three and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 4754, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is another model which recommends itself to the miss or small woman with the best taste in dress. Either with apron panels front and back or, as seen in small view, with side-front closing and braided with Transfer Design No. 330, it is a *chic* costume. The pattern is in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires four yards of forty-four-inch material. The skirt measures two and an eighth yards.

No. 4618, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—The girl as well as the



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4618



4754



4776



4776

miss is remembered in the latest interpretations of the fashions, and in this model we are given one of the best. Suitable for linen, chambray, gingham or chal-
lie, it will serve for any climate. The front may be trimmed with bias bands or scalloped with Transfer Design No. 294. The pattern is in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size eight requires two yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 4776, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—Another version of this pretty frock is illustrated on page 28, where it is shown with the stylish over-dress or slip so distinctive of this season's styles. In this illustration we see it developed in batiste and embroidery with deep pointed plastron or collar. The straight skirt, which may be pleated or gathered, adapts it to flouncing. For sizes, quantity of material and so on, see the description on page 33.

THE fashions for misses and children this season are particularly attractive. All the new designs for older women are applied to the pretty little frocks with such deft adaptation to the line of the youthful figure that collar, waist, sleeve, armhole, whatever it may be, itself gains distinction and charm in the transference. So cleverly is the transformation accomplished that we never hear of the new fashions for children "they are too old," but in all ages the models are appropriate and becoming.





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4752

4476

GOOD FORM IN JUVENILE FASHIONS

For descriptions see page 46



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4778

NOTEWORTHY EXAMPLES OF GIRLISH FROCKS

For descriptions see page 46

Good Form in Juvenile Fashions

(For illustrations see page 44)

No. 4752, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—Two versions of this charming little frock are given on page 44, showing the possibility of its development in plaid linen or gingham with plain collar and cuffs, and in white or tinted linen with collar and cuffs of embroidery. Yet another variation is suggested in the small views at the top of this page, in which a smaller collar appears. The pattern is cut in four sizes, for girls from six to twelve years, and in the eight-year size requires three and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Five-eighths of a yard of plain material or two yards of embroidery flouncing will be needed to make the large collar, the latter being cut with the extra edge of the scalloped flouncing.

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No. 4768, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is one of those dresses which please by their style and simplicity in any development. As illustrated on page 44 it is made of white linen with peplum and rever, both late style features, but a less elaborate version appears in the small view on this page. As various as its uses will be the materials which can be used to make it—gingham, chambray, voile, foulard or taffeta, being equally consistent. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Four yards of forty-four-inch goods will be required to make the dress for a miss of fifteen. The skirt measures two and a half yards at the bottom. One yard of material will make the collar and cuffs.

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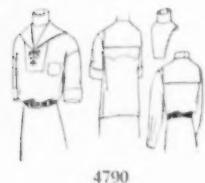
No. 4750, CHILD'S BISHOP DRESS (10 cents).—Two possibilities in this pretty little model are seen on pages 44 and 45, one made without yoke, the regular sleeve extending to the neck edge, the other with the cunning round yoke all mothers like for the tiniest tots. So many materials are suitable for this little dress, from the plainest gingham or chambray to the daintiest of batiste or linen, that it scarcely seems necessary to specify them. Challic and cashmere may also be used. The pattern may be had in four sizes, for children of six months, one, two and three years. To make the dress for a child of one year will require one and five-eighth yards of goods thirty-six inches wide.

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No. 4476, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—Designs with straight gathered skirts are timely in these days of embroidered dresses. Flouncing, especially, is popular, partly because of the speed with which such a frock is accomplished, and for the girlish beauty, as well, of a dress of this kind. In the illustration on page 44 we see this model at its best. With two styles of sleeve, the flouncing is permitted also, in this part of the garment. The yoke may, if preferred, extend down over the sleeves and to the waistline in front. The pattern comes in four sizes, from six to twelve years. Size eight will require two and five-eighth yards of thirty-six inch plain material, or three yards of flouncing.



4476



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4752



4768



4750

Noteworthy Examples of Girlish Frocks

(For illustrations see page 45)

No. 4790, MISSES' MIDDY BLOUSE (10 cents).—Cool and comfortable for summer and especially fit for sport and athletics the middy blouse has enjoyed the utmost popularity from its first appearance. To be worn with or without the shield, either under or outside the skirt, and with sleeves long or elbow length, this model will appeal to many tastes. It may be worn with any skirt, the Misses' Two-Piece Skirt No. 3832, with which it is illustrated on page 45, being very suitable. The yoke may be omitted if preferred, the front being simply faced as shown in the small view on this page. The pattern comes in four sizes, from twelve to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires three and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

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No. 4756, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—The dress which offers few difficulties to the laundress and yet is smart looking, is indispensable for the small maiden whose care of her clothes leaves much to be desired. This model combines these qualities in unusual perfection. The four-gored skirt is trim and dainty, the fulness in the back arranged either in inverted pleat or gathers. Chambray, linen or heavier goods may be used with equally good effect in developing the design. The pattern comes in four sizes, from six to twelve years. To make the dress for a girl of eight years will take two and five-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Transfer Design No. 323 may be used to scallop the front and collar.

✳ ✳ ✳

No. 4778, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—The two possibilities of making this skirt, either with pleats or gathers, increases the usefulness of the design as it may be applied to tub frocks of chambray, gingham or linen, or to the heavier dress of cashmere or serge for cooler weather. The collar may be omitted and the square neck and side-front closing outlined with a band of insertion, or front and collar may be scalloped with Transfer Design No. 323. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from two to ten years. Size four requires two and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide. If trimmed with the band of insertion three and one-half yards will be necessary.

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No. 4474, GIRLS' DRESS (15 cents).—This is a pretty little frock which will make up daintily in any of the materials usually seen in little girls' dresses. Plainly made in print, gingham or chambray, it will be serviceable and neat. Or it may be more daintily developed in linen or batiste, and embroidered with Transfer Design No. 204. If the collar is omitted the square neck, sleeves and skirt may be trimmed with insertion, five yards being required to finish it nicely. The skirt may be laid in pleats or more simply gathered as is most appropriate for the material. The pattern may be had in five sizes for girls, from four to twelve years. Size eight will require three yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

Useful Wear at

No. 4600, LADIES' COMBING SACQUE (10 cents).—This is a popular design for a garment which is a necessary part of the feminine wardrobe. It may be made in the pretty fashion of today of embroidery flouncing, of batiste, lawn, cotton crepe, Japanese silk or other lightweight, preferably wash material. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Two yards of plain material forty-four inches wide, with five yards of edging, or four yards of twenty-two-inch embroidery, will be necessary to make it in size forty.

No. 4020, LADIES' CORSET COVER (10 cents).—This corset cover, as the smaller illustration shows, is cut from one straight piece of embroidery flouncing, and is therefore so quickly and easily made that it will find favor with busy women who do their own sewing. It may be made with or without the straight peplum into which the gathers are drawn at the waist. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six can be made from one and three-quarter yards of embroidery, or one and one-eighth yards of plain material thirty-six inches wide.

No. 4760, APRON AND CAP (10 cents).—For household use this apron and dusting cap for ladies and misses is one of the most practical models issued in recent months. It is suitable for development in gingham, calico or in white lawn or longcloth. Provided with a capacious pocket as a handy receptacle for the dust cloth or other implement, it will serve its office well. As illustrated here, it is worn with wrapper No. 4535. The pattern comes in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size requires three and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 4451, LADIES' COMBINATION (15 cents).—This is a new design for the princess combination corset cover and open petticoat drawers which has become a favorite undergarment with women of dainty tastes. The possibility of trimming, either with flouncing or with hand embroidery in Transfer Designs No. 419 and No. 323, as illustrated on this page, recommend it to those who like pretty underwear. The pattern is ob-



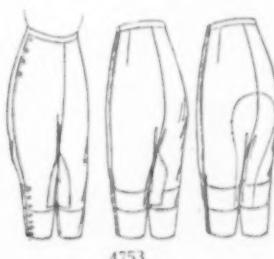
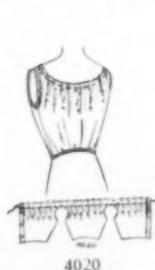
Home and Afield

tainable in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two and five-eighth yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

No. 4757, LADIES' GYMNASIUM SUIT (15 cents).—Much demand has been created for a dress of this pattern by the interest in gymnastics and athletics of all kinds for women. This suit with well-fitted bloomers and with the removable shield gives perfect satisfaction. It may be made of serge, mohair, alpaca, khaki or heavy linen will all be suitable for its development. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. To make the suit in size thirty-six will take four and one-eighth yards of material forty-four inches wide.

No. 4770, INFANT'S SET (10 cents).—A dress and a wrapper which may be made in two lengths for a kimono and short sacque, is included in this pattern. The dress may be made of mercerized batiste or linen lawn, and trimmed with beading and edging. This will require two yards of thirty-six-inch goods. The long wrapper will require one and three-quarter yards. Sleeves and collar are briar-stitched. Transfer Design No. 448 being used as a guide for the stitches. To make the sacque the wrapper pattern is cut off at the perforations, and the sacque embroidered in Transfer Design No. 369. The pattern comes in one size only.

No. 4753, RIDING BREECHES (15 cents).—The revival of the fashion for horseback riding has made a demand for a suitable costume. This design fills the want for snug breeches for ladies and misses to wear under the stylish top coat or riding skirt. As the illustration shows they are strongly reinforced and fitted with cuff extensions below the knee. Broadcloth or khaki may be used to make them. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, and requires for size twenty-six, two and seven-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. The woman who has once known the comfort of these riding breeches will never willingly return to any other form of riding dress. The element of safety also enters into their use, there being no impediment of skirts in case of accident, when worn with the long coat alone.



THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Lesson No. 18—A Misses' Norfolk Dress

Conducted by Margaret Whitney

Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

OUTDOOR sports are so much a part of the life of every girl in these times that a suitable dress for the golf links or the tennis court has become an important part of her outfit. Among the many designs to select from, the middy blouse is one of the most popular, and when that is combined with Norfolk features as in the frock I have taken for this month's dressmaking lesson, it is a fascinating little costume. The dress may be made of serge, khaki, linen, or any material with a good body. As represented here it is made of blue linen with white piqué collar and cuffs, always a pleasing combination in a sailor or middy costume. The pattern for this dress comes in six sizes for girls from thirteen to eighteen years of age. The skirt has five gores and the blouse slips on over the head. For a girl of sixteen, as we see it in figure 1, it will require five and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide. If the collar and cuffs are made of the same material they will come out of that amount as you see them arranged in the cutting diagram, figure 2. If they are made of white piqué, as suggested, you will need three-quarters of a yard of that material; since it will be better to make them double, and piqué is twenty-seven inches wide.

AS I have cautioned you many times in this series of lessons, study the directions on the envelope carefully before beginning to make the dress. Then unfold the pattern and identify every piece so that you will know exactly how to lay it on the goods to cut it out. There are thirteen pieces in the pattern. Of these you will need ten in making the dress as represented. The piece marked (K) on the diagram, figure 2, is the facing which may be omitted when making the dress with the yoke. A shield with standing collar is also included in the pattern, but the average girl will be more comfortable without that when playing tennis in the summer.

When you are sure you understand the pattern, fold your goods in the middle lengthwise and lay your pieces on it as follows: The front gore of the skirt (R), front of waist (F), back of waist (B), yoke (Y) and belt (I), with the edges marked with crosses (+) on the fold; the back gore of skirt (H), side gore (E) and sleeve (S), with the rows of four large circles (●) lengthwise of the goods. The square collar (O) and the cuff (D) may be omitted



Fig. 1—Misses' Norfolk Middy Dress No. 4774

here when not made of the same material. In that case the yoke (Y) will be laid on the goods next to the back of the waist (B), and you will need five and three-eighths yards of the blue linen instead of five and three-quarters. In cutting the collar and cuffs from white piqué, fold the piqué in the middle lengthwise and lay the collar (O), with the row of crosses (+) on the fold and the cuff with the row of four large circles (●) straight with the goods, as they are shown in the diagram, figure 2. You will notice in your pattern that the sleeve is long, but a row of small circles (●) is given to indicate the elbow sleeve we are using in this dress. Cut off your pattern at these small circles (●) before laying it on the material, as you see the piece marked (S) in the diagram, figure 2. Before unpinning the pattern, cut all the notches, and with chalk or tailor's tacks mark the large circles (●), small circles (●) and long perforations (■), which are given as guides in the construction of the dress.

NEAR the top of each gore of the skirt is a row of large circles (●) to mark the regulation waistline. If you prefer to make the skirt with a belt, cut off the gores at this line, but I think you would rather have the skirt with the raised waistline as it stays in place better, so we will adopt that method for this skirt. If you do cut it off at the normal line you must remember to fit it in a little more snugly at the tops of the seams before sewing on the belt, as the high skirt has more swing over the hips.

Other possibilities in the skirt are an inverted pleat or a habit back. As most young girls prefer the latter construction we will not make this skirt with the pleat, but cut off the back edge of the back gores (H) at the row of double small circles (●●) given on the pattern, and sew the two in a straight seam. Baste the gores of the skirt together, matching the notches, and taking the seams at the lines of long perforations (■). The little extensions on the sides of the gores are for shallow pleats in the lower part of the skirt, front and back, which add to the grace of the skirt and provide the extra fullness desirable in a dress of this kind. Baste these extensions across the tops and then on down the seams. Crease the lower parts of the gores at the small circles (●) for the pleats, bring the creases over to the large circles (●) on

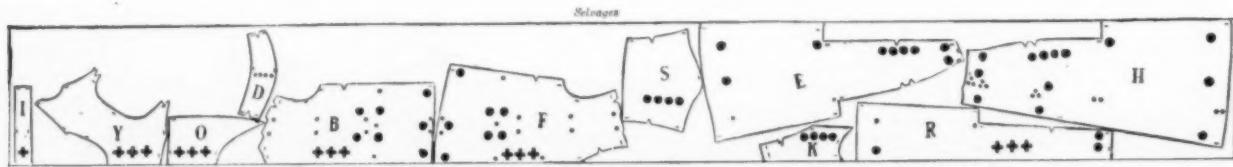


Fig. 2—Cutting Diagram

Fold of Goods

the corresponding edges of the gores, and press to position.

Try the skirt on and make any alterations which may be necessary in the seams. If there are alterations baste the seams as indicated and try on again before stitching. Then stitch along the lines of basting that the shape may be retained just as you have fitted it. After stitching the seams, trim the edges even and without opening them, bind both together with narrow seam covering, sewing it on with short, running stitches, as shown in figure 3. The binding serves a double purpose. It keeps the edges of the seams from raveling and it forms a stay to keep the pleats from sagging. After the binding is on turn the pleats on either side of the front gore to the back and those on either side of the back gore towards the front, and press again. The under side of the pleats should lie flat as shown in figure 4. The seam binding also prevents the bias back seam from stretching out of shape, and there is no necessity for staying that with a straight strip of goods in the stitching as is sometimes done.

IN STITCHING the back seam leave it open above the single large circle (●) for the placket. Finish the placket with a continuous lap, as was described in the dressmaking lesson in the June magazine. The completed placket on the wrong side will look as illustrated in figure 5. Sew hooks to the left side and straight eyes to the right side of the placket opening, as shown in figure 6.

Fit the belt snugly about the waist, taking a tiny dart on each side just under the arm, and sew the hooks and eyes at the ends as has been described in previous lessons. Turn under the upper edge of the skirt, baste the belt to the wrong side, one-eighth of an inch below the top and stitch to place. Only the one row of stitching is needed, as below the top edge the belt fits a little more snugly to the figure than the skirt.

Now put the skirt on to get the proper length. Three and three-eighth inches are allowed by the pattern for a hem. Turn this up around the bottom, pinning it so that the skirt hangs even all around, then turn under the three-eighths of an inch and stitch the hem on the wrong side. This finishes the skirt completely. The first thing to do in making the waist

is to lay the pleats. You will notice that the pattern is perforated with rows of small circles (●) on both sides of the fronts and back. Crease the material along these circles and stitch from top to bottom five-eighths of an inch from the edge of the fold. Then press tucks, turning one to the right, the other to the left, to give the effect of box pleats. Baste the shoulder and under-arm seams along the lines of long perforations (—) and try on, making what alterations may be necessary at the seams. To get the blouse on it will be necessary to slash the front down to the small circle (●). After you are sure the waist fits, and before you stitch the

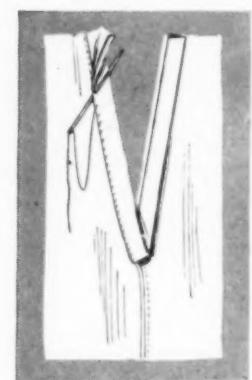


Fig. 5—Wrong Side of Continuous Placket Lap

seams, you must adjust the yoke. Turn under the lower edges of the yoke at the line of long perforations (—), and while you have the waist on, pin the yoke to place, laying the neck edges and arm holes even and bringing the seams to the under-arm seams. Pull out the bastings of the under-arm seams, take the waist off carefully so as to keep the yoke in position as you have pinned it. Baste and then stitch the lower edge of the yoke to the waist, setting the row of stitching a little above the folded edge as you see it illustrated in figure 1. It will be much easier to put on the yoke and sew in the sleeves if you do not stitch the under-arm seams until all of this has been done. After



Fig. 3—Binding the Seams



Fig. 9—Back View of Blouse

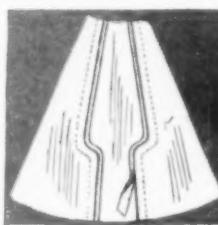


Fig. 4—Wrong Side of Skirt Front Showing Bound Seams and Arrangement of Pleats

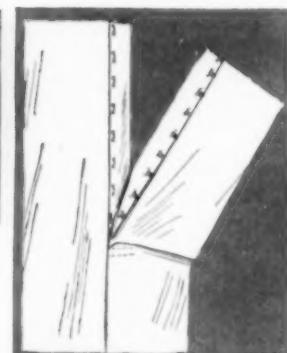


Fig. 6—Right Side of Placket Showing Hooks and Eyes

you have stitched on the yoke, trim out the upper part of the blouse from under it, as the dress will be too warm if the double thickness is left. There will be very little waste of goods by making the blouse to the neck and then trimming it out, and it will be much easier to secure a good fit than if you cut it off before sewing on the yoke.

Trim the seams joining yoke and blouse and overcast the edges together.

The next thing to do is to make the sleeves. Stitch the two sections of each cuff together at the upper edge, turn them and run a row of bastings along the edge to hold them in shape. Stitch the lower edges of the cuffs to the lower edges of the sleeves, laying the right side of the cuff against the wrong side of the sleeve. Then turn under the edge of the wrong side of the cuff and hem by hand over the seam. Now, without stitching the seams of the sleeves and attached cuffs, lay the sleeves, without fulness, into the armholes, turn under the edges of the armholes three-eighths of an inch and stitch flat, as shown in figure 7. Trim the seams even on the wrong side, and overcast them with fine stitches as you did the seam joining yoke and blouse.

Face the opening in the front of the yoke with straight strips of the blue linen, one inch wide, stitching them to the edges of the slash and hemming them back on the wrong side with blind stitches which will not show through on the right. Lay the upper and lower pieces of

the collar with the right sides of the material together and stitch all around except the neck edge. Lay the neck edge of the collar to that of the waist, the underside of the collar to the right side of the waist, the center-backs together and the ends of the collar at the sides of the front opening, baste while holding them carefully to avoid stretching the neck edges, and then stitch them together. Turn under the edge of the upper part of the collar and hem down neatly over the seam. With No. 40 sewing cotton work the eyelets for lacing

the front, three on either side of the opening, and lace together with a soft ribbon, tying it in a bow at the top. After the collar is adjusted you can sew the blouse together at the sides, running one straight seam on either side from the bottom of the blouse along the sleeve and turned down cuff, as shown in figure 8. Sew these seams on the right side, then trim close to the stitching, turn to the wrong side, crease flat and stitch in a French seam. Fold back the cuff on the right side of the sleeve when the seam is finished. Turn under the bottom of the blouse at the row of large circles (●) for the hem, turn under the edge three-eighths of an inch, and stitch on the wrong side. Slash the fronts and backs of the blouse under the pleats at the places marked by the large circles (●) in the pattern, in order to run the belt through and finish the slashes by buttonholing them neatly with No. 40 sewing cotton, or bind them, if you prefer, with the seam binding with which you finished the skirt.



Fig. 7—Sewing in Sleeves

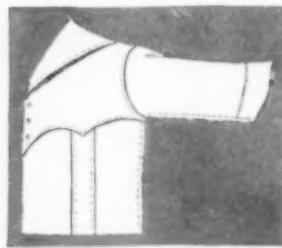


Fig. 8—Sewing Seam of Waist, Sleeve and Cuff



A king could not have better soup than this.

AND you will say so, too. Its rich nourishing quality and wholesome flavor seem like "home-made." Yet the finest home kitchen could hardly produce the equal of

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OX TAIL
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Selected large fresh ox tails are sent to us carefully dressed and packed in paper-lined boxes specially for this soup. There could be nothing more dainty and attractive. And besides the sliced joints of this prime juicy meat, this soup contains diced carrots and yellow turnips, barley, celery, onions and spices, all combined in a whole-tomato purée seasoned with dry Spanish Sherry which we import for this purpose.

Always order this extremely satisfying soup by the half-dozen at least, and you will save many a disappointment.

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"You great big beautiful label,
I'll hug you as hard as I'm able,
I'll sing you a song,
The whole day long,
And waltz you up to the table."

New Notes on FANCY WORK *Conducted by EVELYN CHASE*

HOUSEKEEPERS who have been busy with springtime affairs in home and school will welcome the opportunity to get these pretty things that clever French designers offer in dainty embroidery for summer wear. The lawn collar, No. 10206, is one of the most graceful designs we have shown. The chain of alternating dots and eyelets which forms the five half circles around the neck gives an unusual effect. The five pointed flowers and tiny leaves are worked in satin stitch over a slight padding, and a small eyelet is made in the center of each flower. The outside edge of the collar is cut in a series of points and scallops and finished with lace as illustrated.

Quite a contrast to this lacy affair is the other deep collar, No. 10207. While the first collar would be becoming to a tall, slender figure, giving a broad and full effect to the shoulders and bust, the plain collar would be suitable to short and stout figures, as the long line running off from either shoulder to a point in the back would add length. The embroidery on No. 10207 is a simple design outlined with fine couching cord, a few groups of dots here and there being the only variation. The couching cord stitch is the easiest of any to do, being a simple overstitch taken with fine cotton across the cord which outlines the design. A handsome insertion of a clover leaf pattern on filet net was used on the edge of this collar, while a narrow bias binding finishes the edge of the net insertion. A plain heavy lace would look quite as effective if it were sewn on to lie perfectly flat like the insertion. A good, washable embroidery silk in colors would be very satisfactory if the collar is to be made up to match the suit, and the



No. 10206—Collar Design. Stamped on fine linen lawn with pattern of collar outlined, price, 40 cents each; 4 skeins of embroidery cotton, 10 cents extra, or both given free for two yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. (Lace not included.) We pay postage.

bias binding on the edge should then be made of a fold of silk the same shade as the embroidery. Those who do not care for the design done with couching cord can get as pleasing an effect by working it in outline stitch.

The white linen parasol has come into great favor, especially since it has been made up with artistic embroidery designs that stand laundry wear quite as well as the linen itself. It is something that never goes out of fashion, for, however much the shape of parasols may change, the standard size and shape of these useful and necessary articles remain the same.

The design No. 10208 is stamped on each of the eight sections of the parasol. The embroidery, which is in French and eyelet, may be done first and the sections then cut and seamed together ready to stretch over the frame, or the frame may be covered first and the embroidery done afterwards. This is preferred by some as the linen is stretched as smooth and firm over the parasol frame as it would be in the em-



No. 10208—Ladies' Parasol Design. Eight panels stamped on pure imported linen, price, \$1.25, or given free for 4 yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. 12 skeins of embroidery cotton for working, 25 cents extra. We pay postage.



No. 10207—Collar Design. Stamped on fine linen lawn with pattern of collar outlined, price, 40 cents each cord and embroidery cotton, 10 cents extra, or both given free for two yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. (Lace insertion not included.) We pay postage.

broidery hoop, making it very easy to do the work. Those who have a frame and stick which has been used before can take off the old covering and put the newly embroidered one on in its place, fastening it firmly at the end and in the middle of each spoke, *after it has been securely sewn to the top* where the eight sections meet in a point. The covering requires very firm and persistent stretching to bring it into place over the wire ribs of the frame, and the sections must be cut and seamed very carefully to insure a smooth as well as a very tight fit. Keep the frame closed while stretching the seams into place over the ribs, and tack each seam firmly to the tips before opening the frame. It may appear too tight

at first, but as the seams are all on the bias they will soon give sufficiently to fit the wires. A small shirred piece of the linen finishes off the end of the stick where the eight sections meet. It is not difficult to cover a parasol if one is a neat and skilful needlewoman, but for the amateur it would be better to send the frame and the covering to the nearest umbrella-maker. These linen parasols may be washed readily by opening them wide and scrubbing them with a lather of good white soap, going thoroughly over the whole surface of the linen, then rinsing them off in clear warm water, *the same temperature as that used with the soap*, using a bath spray or a garden hose. Let them dry wide open in the sun, tying the tip of the stick to the clothesline, so that the water will run off down to the ends of the spokes. No ironing is necessary, as the linen dries perfectly smooth when the frame is kept open.

It is easy for the most elaborately embroidered shirt waist to look commonplace if the design follows the conventional and over-worked patterns that are seen everywhere. Now and then the French designers have a happy thought in placing a detail of the embroidery in some odd and effective way. This is what happened when the embroidered rose was worked in the corner of the shirt waist front shown in No. 10210. The work is done with soft, heavy cotton, or with silk floss over a thick padding, the purpose being to raise the large flower from the surface



No. 10209—**Shirt Waist Design** to be worked in solid embroidery. Design stamped on 2 yards of 39-inch fine white lawn or nainsook, price, 75 cents, or given free for three yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. Stamped on 2½ yards of flaxon, price, \$1.35, or given free for four yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. Stamped on 2½ yards of 36-inch wide pure imported linen, price, \$1.60, or given free for seven yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. 12 skeins of embroidery cotton for working, 25 cents extra. McCall Pattern No. 4507 for cutting out waist, 15 cents. We pay postage.

so as to make it stand out more than the rest of the design. The padding stitch under the embroidery on the sleeves and shoulders is not taken as heavily as on the front. The bias edge around the neck and down the front of the waist is held firmly from stretching by several straight rows of the padding cotton being run along close together, making a heavy padding for the embroidery stitch, which is done very solid here in short straight stitches back and forth like stem stitch. This gives a beautiful firm finish to the bias edges, and sets off like a silk cord the frill of fine lace net which is ruffled into the neck and down the front.

Waist Design No. 10209 is a pleasing contrast to the other in its simplicity and plainness.



No. 10210—**Shirt Waist Design** to be worked in solid and eyelet embroidery. Design stamped on 2 yards of 39-inch fine white lawn or nainsook, price, 75 cents, or given free for three yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. Stamped on 2½ yards of flaxon, price, \$1.35, or given free for four yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. Stamped on 2½ yards of 36-inch wide pure imported linen, price, \$1.60, or given free for seven yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. 12 skeins of embroidery cotton for working, 25 cents extra. McCall Pattern No. 4671 for cutting out waist, 15 cents extra. We pay postage.



No. 10211—**Belt Design for Solid Embroidery.** Stamped on heavy imported linen, price, 20 cents. We pay postage.



No. 10212—**Belt Design for Solid Embroidery.** Stamped on heavy imported linen, price, 20 cents. We pay postage.

*'Hasn't
scratched
yet!'*

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Yes, Bon Ami cleans white shoes better than the special cleaners do. It dissolves the grime and stains and leaves the shoe as clean as new instead of merely painting the dirt white. No chalky dust to rub off on skirts. A cleaning with Bon Ami lasts longer, too.

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That is because Nestlé's is so easy to digest that it never causes any of the stomach troubles which rob a baby of the strength it needs to fight hot weather and baby ills. The nervousness and irritability that many babies show in summer are not due to the heat alone. Cows' milk gives many babies indigestion, causing fretfulness which many mothers mistake for temper.

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partly in a delicate color, as they are so small and dainty that color would not look too conspicuous. Both of these waists can be had stamped on white crépe, a material which is ideal for summer wear, as it can be so readily washed and requires no ironing. If crépe is chosen for the design, No. 10210, it would be better to work the eyelet marks into solid dots, as this material does not lend itself well to eyelet embroidery.

The embroidered linen belt is one of the indispensable things in a summer wardrobe. The pair of belt designs illustrated here meet two very different demands; one of them, No. 10212, being suitable for hard and serviceable wear, with its straight hemmed edge and its simple little floral vine design, and the other, No. 10211, showing a very pretty design of flowers done in punch work with petals running off the edges into the buttonhole scallops in a very graceful way. Both belts are made long enough to fit any size waist, and may be shortened as needed by cutting off the buckle end to the required size. The eyelets should be worked with very strong cotton to stand the strain of the buckle teeth. The plain edge belt would be very suitable to wear with the waist, No. 10200, as the flower sprays of the design are similar to those on the front of the waist while the other belt would go beautifully with the more elaborate waist design in No. 10210.

Light dainty coverings for sideboard and dressing-table are now wanted to replace the heavily embroidered or stenciled runners used during the closed-in season. For the summer bedroom or dining-room a design like No. 10214 is very pleasing because of its airy, flowery effect and worked with white cotton on tan linen it would be very serviceable for summer



No. 10214—Sideboard or Dresser Scarf Design. Design stamped on pure imported linen in either tan or white, 18x52 inches, price, 65 cents, or given free for two yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. 12 skeins of white embroidery cotton for working, 25 cents extra. We pay postage.



No. 10213—Sofa Pillow in Art and Craft Design. Design tinted on ecru aberdeen crash, 18x21 inches, price, 40 cents, or given free for two yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. Design tinted on ecru crash linen, price, 50 cents, or given free for two yearly subscriptions for McCall's Magazine at 50 cents each. Six skeins of colored floss for working, 25 cents extra. Art cloth back, 15 cents extra. We pay postage.

wear. Nearly the whole design can be done in outline stitch, as illustrated.

The new oblong shape in couch pillows has put the square pillow almost out of fashion. The reason for this is that the oblong shape is not only found to be really more comfortable, but many people nowadays like to turn their bedroom into a sitting-room in the daytime, and wish to dress up the couch with suitable coverings and with sofa pillows.

The design No. 10213, for a pillow cover is well suited for practical wear like this, as it is planned for heavy floss or embroidery cotton in one shade only on ecru crash linen. The color of the floss or cotton could be selected to match

the couch cover, and cord and tassels or a guimpe in the same shade as the embroidery would give a suitable finish.

A handy bag for all sorts of uses is offered in design No. 10215. Two oval embroidery frames furnish handles after the bag has been gathered on to them with a ribbon box for finish at each side.

Perforated Patterns

For those who wish to use their own goods with these designs instead of the stamped material offered here we can supply a perforated pattern of any design shown on these pages for fifteen cents. Material for stamping and directions are included. We pay postage.



No. 10215—Fancy Bag, Cross-Stitch Design. Design stamped on linen, price, 30 cents. Three skeins of colored floss for working, 15 cents extra. Two embroidery hoops for handles, 25 cents extra. We pay postage.

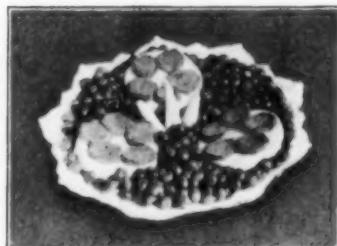
ROSES AND DAINTIES FOR AUGUST

Arranged by Mary H. Northend

FAIR roses and dainty dishes in hot weather are concomitants of that good digestion which "waits on appetite." Crimson and yellow roses constitute the fragrant burden of the tall handled wicker basket that serves as receptacle for the central scheme of this simple, charming arrangement. Clusters of roses massed loosely with ferns, form the main scheme, and the handle shows a cluster of ferns studded with two yellow buds. A fern mat affords a charming outline, and each place is marked by a single yellow rose.

For the first of the dainty dishes suggested drain a can of peas, heat and season well with salt and pepper. Have ready some white turnips and carrots, also well seasoned, place on a plate and arrange the peas about it.

For tomato and celery salad select good-sized, smooth, ripe tomatoes, peel after scalding for a moment in hot water, and set on ice to chill. When cold cut off a thin slice from the top of each, and scoop out the seeds and pulp, leaving a rather thin shell. Fill with a salad composed of three finely minced celery stalks, one egg, two boiled potatoes and one tablespoonful of cooked red sweet pepper, chopped fine, and masked with mayonnaise. Serve with a garnish of parsley.



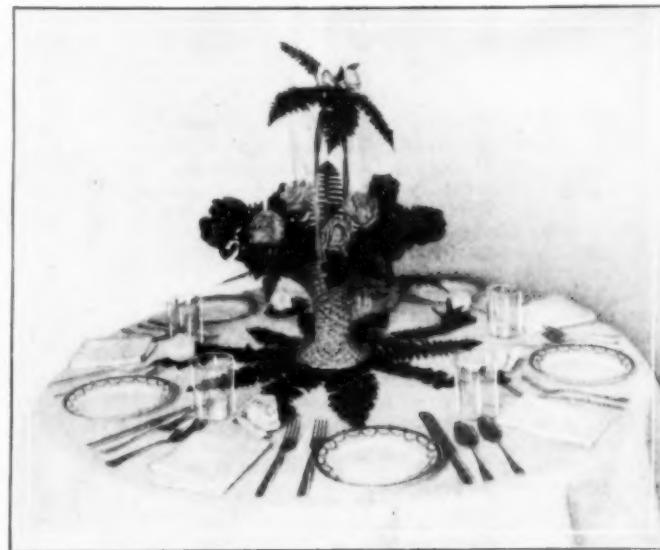
No. 2—Compote of Peas and Turnips



No. 3—Tomato and Celery Salad



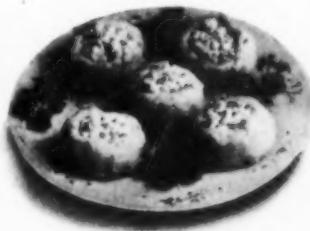
No. 4—Breakfast Eggs



No. 1—Roses and Ferns for Decoration



No. 5—Chicken Croquettes



No. 6—Potato Baskets



**Yes, thanks,
I'm quite well.**

"Wouldn't know me?
Well, I hardly know
myself when I realize the
superb comfort of well-
balanced nerves and per-
fect health."

"The change began
when I quit coffee and
tea, and started drinking

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"I don't give a rap
about the theories; the
comfortable, healthy
facts are sufficient."

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Old Colony

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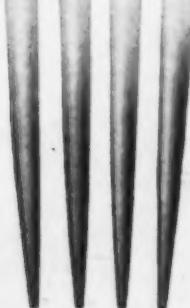
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HELEN THOMAS

Miss Thomas will be glad to answer any questions relating to needlework, but cannot undertake to do so unless postage accompanies the request for a reply. Address all orders for Transfer Patterns to The McCall Company.

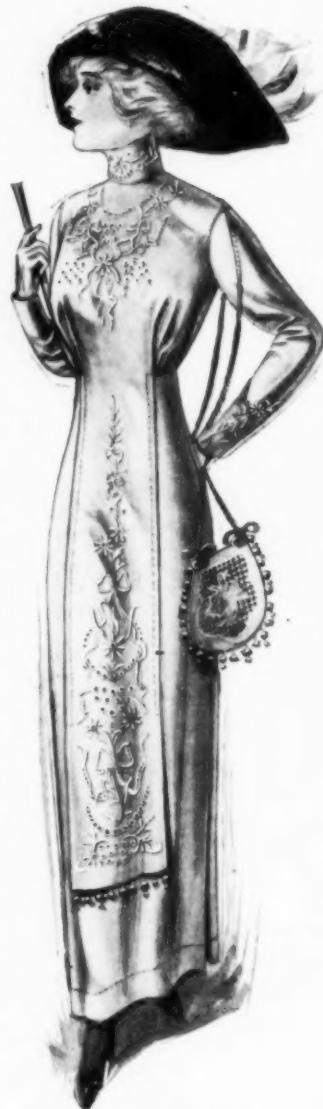
INTEREST in the subject of needlework never flags, and to the woman who has tasted of its delights, presents ever new and more fascinating flavors. What can give more complete satisfaction than the dress or any feature of it decorated by one's own industrious skill? And when the designs are as artistic as those illustrated on this costume to accomplish them is to achieve a lasting memorial of one's handiwork. For be sure the linen dress thus decorated has wearing qualities quite worth the expenditure of time and energy necessary to produce it. If a good quality of linen be chosen, there is no reason why the work should not survive many vicissitudes of time and last as well as the fine caps, collars, berths and undersleeves which have come down to us from an earlier generation and are still the prized heirlooms of many families.

This dress is made by McCall Pattern for Ladies' Dress No. 4449, a *chic* design with the popular and becoming panel, and the embroidery is done with two of the McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Designs, No. 467 for waist, collar and cuffs, and No. 468 to match for skirt panel. These, as all the McCall transfer designs, cost ten cents apiece, and come on tissue paper, ready to be transferred by means of a hot iron directly to the cloth. Directions for transferring are given with each pattern so that no one need be at a loss in applying it to anything she wants to decorate. Eyelets and satin stitch are used in developing the designs, and interest will be added if the bowknots are done in the pretty fagotting stitch. If the work is done on medium-weight linen, No. 25 or No. 30 embroidery cotton should be used, but if lingerie or batiste be chosen for the gown, a finer cotton will be required. The bag seen in the illustration is a reproduction of Transfer Design No. 429 for punch work, a form of needlework high in favor at the present time.

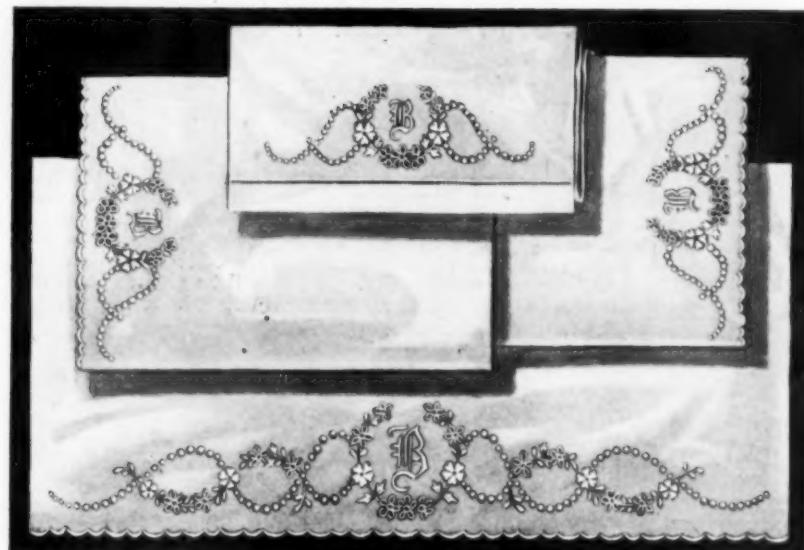
DAINTINESS is characteristic of the true lady. We all enjoy those homes where sheets, pillow cases, towels and household linen in general bear the stamp of housewifely industry in decorative needlework. These designs, No. 464 for pillow cases or towels, and No. 465 to match for sheets, are among the handsomest produced of late. They should be developed in eyelet and satin stitch embroidery to yield the best effect, though solid satin stitch alone will be very handsome. No. 25 embroidery cotton should be used on linen or muslin sheets and pillow cases, and on huck toweling. The design will stamp a sheet of any width from forty-six to seventy-two inches, enough scalloping being provided to finish out the width beyond the ornamental wreath. The design for the pillow case includes two patterns, sufficient, therefore, for one pair of pillows. If towels are desired for the set, it will be necessary to purchase another pattern. The initial B, embroidered in the center of wreath as illustrated here, is not included in the design. It is from Transfer Design No. 327, and will have to be bought separately. Each envelope costs ten cents and contains but one letter of the alphabet, but there are forty-eight copies of that letter in assorted sizes.

The next illustration shows the development of some wheat sprays from Transfer Design No. 463. There are nine sprays, large and small, in the pattern, all suitable for the decoration of dresses, parasols, underwear, scarfs or other pieces of household linen. The wheat may be effectively developed in gold or silver bullion on cloth or velvet, or it may be applied to linen or lingerie with embroidery cotton in satin stitch. Prettier than most of the floral designs, wheat lends itself to the most artistic forms of embroidery, and more effective results are more readily obtained and with less work, with sprays of this character than with almost any other design.

Rhodes embroidery or punch work applied to articles for personal adornment is one of the most beautiful of modern decorative work. It is open and lace-like in



Ladies' Dress No. 4449
Transfer Design for Waist, Collar and
Cuffs No. 467
Transfer Design for Skirt Panel
No. 468



Transfer Design for Pillowcase No. 464. Transfer Design for Sheet No. 465

appearance, having the effect of Mexican drawn work, but is far more easily and quickly done, the threads of a loose meshed linen being pushed aside with a large three-cornered sail needle, and tied or fastened with a kind of cross stitch. The jabot illustrated is Transfer Design No. 466, done in punch work around a floral design which

is first outlined with embroidery cotton before the open work is done. The jabot matches collar No. 442, an earlier design for this same popular stitch. This collar will go very nicely with the jabot in a neck set. Select a finer linen for this than for the bag, a thin, loosely woven material being necessary to produce the best effect of the punch work. Scallop both pieces with No. 30 embroidery cotton, first padding them with running stitches with No. 25. Outline the floral designs with No. 30, then do the punch work with No. 90 embroidery cotton.

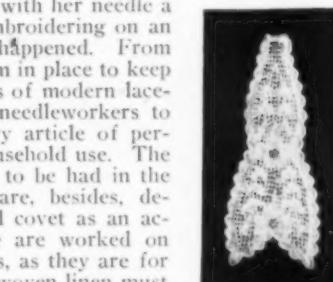


Transfer Designs for Wheat Sprays No. 463

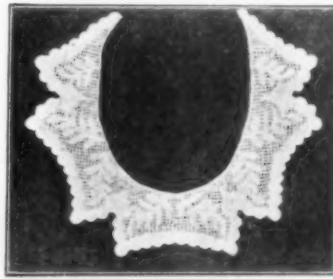
THE extraordinary popularity achieved by punch work since its revival a short time ago is evidence of the appreciation everyone has of really artistic needlework. This method of decorating linen is really a revival of the early Italian needlework which was the first step in lace-making. It is almost incomprehensible that the cobwebby meshes of modern lace should owe their origin to the loving attempt of some Venetian peasant woman to work with her needle a more showy background for the design she was embroidering on an altar cloth for her church. But that is how it happened. From this first pushing aside of the threads and tying them in place to keep the open-meshed effect, grew all the various stitches of modern lace-making. Now we are going back to those early needleworkers to learn their secrets, and are applying them to every article of personal adornment as well as of ecclesiastical and household use. The collar and jabot shown here are attractive patterns to be had in the McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Designs. There are, besides, designs for pretty handbags which every woman will covet as an accompaniment to her summer linen frock. These are worked on heavier linen than the collars, jabots or shirt waists, as they are for use as well as ornament, but in every case a loosely woven linen must be selected that the threads may be pushed aside more easily. This renders the work more effective, too.

Shirt-waist fronts decorated with this popular form of embroidery are especially liked as the light and open result of lace and drawn work is obtained without the objectionable "peek-a-boo" effect imparted by the coarse Cluny and imitation Irish laces now in vogue.

Centerpieces, pillowcases, dresses and table scarfs, all articles for household use, are greatly enhanced in value by the application of embroidery, either punch work, eyelets, satin stitch, outline or any other of the lovely devices known to needleworkers. Patterns for a large number of these articles are given in the McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Designs, the price of any one of which is only ten cents.



Transfer Design for Jabot No. 466



Transfer Design for Collar No. 442

The Girl Who Never Smiles



THE habitual expression of the face depends most upon the condition of the teeth.

Youth and beauty soon fade in features where smiles are not allowed to play freely.

Two habits that soon grow inseparable are smiling features and the daily use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

First of all, Dr. Lyon's is safe to use. It is a velvet, pure and gritless powder. It contains no glycerine, gelatine or saccharine to slowly work harm.

Dr. Lyon's preserves the teeth by keeping them scrupulously clean. A beautifully polished natural whiteness with hard and healthy gums results from the thorough brushing it induces. A pure and lasting fragrance is imparted to the breath.

Three generations owe lifetimes of perfect teeth to Dr. Lyon. Before you have used one can you will fully understand why.

Use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—above all at night. Teach its use to your children to assure them perfect teeth even in old age.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE





Fudge can be made in
"Wear-Ever"
 Aluminum Utensils

without stirring and without burning, if a moderate fire is used.

You can melt a cake of chocolate without grating and without adding water, over a low fire. Because aluminum stores up a great deal of heat, a large amount of heat should be applied to a "Wear Ever" utensil when first placed over the fire, in order to "fill" the utensil with heat. As soon as heated throughout, the flame should be turned down about one-half; or, if utensil is on a range, place on cover or move back a little on stove.

"Wear-Ever" utensils save fuel and food.

Replace utensils that wear out
 with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade-mark on the bottom of every utensil.

Write for Booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen," which explains how to care for aluminum utensils.



THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
 Dept. 30, New Kensington, Pa.
 or NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario
 (Distributing Agents for Canada)

Please send me, prepaid, sample 1-quart "Wear-Ever" Saucenpan, for which I enclose 15 two cent stamps (30c), money to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.

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Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

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 Write for special offer.
Finest Guaranteed \$10 to \$27
 1912 Models
 with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
 1910 & 1911 Models **\$7 to \$12**
 all of best makes....
100 Second-Hand Wheels
 All makes and models, **\$3 to \$8**
 good as new.
 Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
 We Ship on Approval without a
 cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow
10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL.
 TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps,
 sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at
 half usual prices. **DO NOT BUY** until you get our
 catalogues and offer. Write now.
 MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-26

Chicago, Ill.

MENUS FOR A WEEK IN AUGUST

By Margaret Morton

MIDSUMMER eating should be dainty and delicate. In the hot days now upon us very few heat-producing foods should be included in the daily menu. Meats should be cut down to the minimum, and fats and fried dishes should be excluded as far as possible. Light and succulent vegetables should find a place on the table, and a large proportion of salads. Fruit, too, should be used in large quantities in the summertime, for the lighter the diet, while satisfying the natural hunger, the better will one withstand the heat. These few menus are offered as hints to the housewife in planning her summer meals. Mrs. Morton will be glad to give recipes for preparing any of the dishes not found in the family cook-book if postage for reply accompanies the request.

Sunday		
BREAKFAST		
Parsley Omelet	Tomato Toast	
Sliced Cucumbers, Iced		
Whole Wheat Bread	Raspberry Jam	Coffee
DINNER		
Jellied Chicken		
Baked Rice with Grated Cheese	Green Corn	
Lettuce and Onion Salad with Wafers		
Floating Island	Sponge Cake	
Black Coffee		
SUPPER		
Chipped Beef Sandwiches		
Sliced Tomatoes	Iced Tea	
Fruit Hash	Cookies	
Monday		
BREAKFAST		
Rhubarb Stewed with Prunes		
Baked Potatoes	Hot Buttered Toast	
Coffee		
LUNCHEON		
Macaroni with Tomatoes and Cheese		
Bread and Butter Sandwiches	Young Onions	
Cookies	Iced Tea with Mint	
DINNER		
Hot Canned Salmon, Drawn Butter Sauce		
Spinach	Baked Green Corn	
Cucumber and Green Pepper Salad		
Orange Sherbet	Iced Lady Fingers	
Black Coffee		
Tuesday		
BREAKFAST		
Sliced Pineapple		
Baked Eggs in Potato Nests	Watercress	
Rye Meal Gems	Coffee	
LUNCHEON		
Hominy Croquettes	Radishes	
Peanut Butter Sandwiches		
Jelly Roll	Iced Tea	
DINNER		
Brown Stew of Kidney		
Stuffed Egg Plant	Stewed Tomatoes	
Asparagus Salad		
Cold Fruit Tapioca with Cream		
Little Cakes	Candied Ginger	Black Coffee
Wednesday		
BREAKFAST		
Berries with Cream		
Fried Rice with Currant Jelly	Popovers	
Coffee		
LUNCHEON		
Salad		
Spinach	Pimento Sandwiches	
Sliced Bananas	Cookies	Iced Tea
DINNER		
Baked Tongue		
Rice	Creamed Cauliflower	
Tomatoes with Mayonnaise		
Lemon Sherbet	Cookies	Black Coffee
Thursday		
BREAKFAST		
Iced Canteloupes		
Broiled Breakfast Bacon	Creamed Potatoes	
Biscuits	with Green Peppers	
Stewed Rhubarb	Orange Marmalade	Coffee
LUNCHEON		
Lima Bean Salad	Cheese Toast	
Watercress Salad		
Sliced Peaches with Cream	Cake	
Black Coffee		
Friday		
BREAKFAST		
Pears		
Baked Cup Custards	Potato Croquettes	
Graham Bread	Strawberry Jam	Coffee
LUNCHEON		
Creamed Salmon	Pineapple Fritters	
Jelly Cake	Iced Tea	
DINNER		
Finnian Haddie, Sauce Hollandaise		
Stuffed Cucumbers	Wax Beans	
Salad of Cabbage and Green Peppers		
Caramel Pudding with Meringue	Black Coffee	
Saturday		
BREAKFAST		
Peaches	Cream Toast	
Scrambled Eggs		
Coffee		
LUNCHEON		
Cream of Carrot Soup with Croutons		
Spinach Balls	Pimento Sandwiches	
Sliced Bananas	Cookies	Iced Tea
DINNER		
Baked Tongue		
Rice	Creamed Cauliflower	
Tomatoes with Mayonnaise		
Lemon Sherbet	Cookies	Black Coffee

Recipes from the Famous Randolph Cook Book

Observation on Puddings and Cake

The salt should always be washed from butter when it is to be used in anything that has sugar for an ingredient, and also from that which is melted to grease any kind of mould for baking; otherwise, there will be a disagreeable salt taste on the outer side of the article baked. Raisins should be stoned and cut in two, and have some flour sifted over them; stir them gently in the flour, and take them out free from lumps; the small quantity that adheres to them will prevent their sticking together, or falling in a mass to the bottom. Eggs must be fresh or they will not beat well. It is better to separate the yolks from the whites always, though it is a more troublesome process; but for some things it is essential to do so. When they are to be mixed with milk let it cool after boiling or the eggs will poach, and only set it on the fire a few minutes to take off the raw taste of the eggs, stirring it all the time. Currants require washing in many waters to cleanse

them; they must be picked and well dried, or they will stick together. Almonds should be put in hot water till the skins will slip off, which is called blanching; they must always be pounded with rose or orange flower water to prevent their oiling. When cream is used put it in just before the mixture is ready; much heating will decompose it. Before a pudding or cake is begun every ingredient necessary for it must be ready; when the process is retarded by neglecting to have them prepared, the article is injured. The oven must be in a proper state, and the paste in the dishes or moulds ready for such things as require it. Promptitude is necessary in all our actions, but never more so than when engaged in making cakes and puddings. When only one or two eggs are to be used cooks generally think it needless to beat them—it is an error; eggs injure everything unless they are made light before they are used. Clothes for boiling puddings should be made of German sheeting; an article less thick will admit the water and injure the pudding.

To Make Mince-Meat for Pies

Boil either calves' or hogs' feet till perfectly tender, rub them through a colander; when cold, pass them through again and it will come out like pearl barley; take one quart of this, one of chopped apples, the same of currants, washed and picked, raisins stoned and cut, of good brown sugar, suet nicely chopped and cider, with a pint of brandy; add a teaspoonful of pounded mace, one of cloves and of nutmegs; mix all these together intimately. When the pies are to be made take out as much of this mixture as may be necessary; to each quart of it add a teaspoonful of pounded black pepper and one of salt; this greatly improves the flavor and can be better mixed with a small portion than with the whole mass. Cover the moulds with paste, put in a sufficiency of mince-meat, cover the top with citron sliced thin, and lay on it a lid garnished around with paste cut in fanciful shapes. They may be eaten either hot or cold, but are best when hot.

Rice Journey or Jonny Cake

Boil a pint of rice quite soft with a teaspoonful of salt; mix with it while hot a large spoonful of butter and spread it on a dish to cool; when perfectly cold add a pint of rice flour and half a pint of milk; beat them all together until well mingled. Take the middle part of the head of a barrel, make it quite clean, wet it and put on the mixture about an inch thick, smooth with a spoon and baste it with a little milk; set the board astant before clear coals; when sufficiently baked, slip a thread under the cake and turn it; baste and bake that side in a similar manner, split it and butter while hot. Small hominy boiled and mixed with rice flour is better than all rice, and if baked very thin, and afterwards toasted and buttered, it is nearly as good as cassada bread.

Doughnuts—A Yankee Cake

Dry half a pound of good brown sugar, pound it and mix it with two pounds of flour, and sift it; add two spoonfuls of yeast and as much new milk as will make it like bread; when well risen, knead in half a pound of butter, make it in cakes the size of a half dollar, and fry them a light brown in boiling lard.

Macaroon

Blanch a pound of sweet almonds, pound them in a mortar with rose water; whip the whites of seven eggs to a strong froth, put in one pound of powdered sugar, beat it some time, then put in the almonds; mix them well and drop them on sheets of paper, buttered; sift sugar over and bake them quickly. Be careful not to let them get discolored.

Apple Fritters

Pare some apples and cut them in thin slices; put them in a bowl with a glass of water.

brandy, some white wine, a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar, a little cinnamon finely powdered and the rind of a lemon grated; let them stand some time, turning them over frequently; beat two eggs very light, add one-quarter of a pound of flour, a tablespoonful of melted butter and as much cold water as will make a thin batter; dip the apples on a sieve, mix them with the batter; take one slice with a spoonful of batter to each fritter, fry them quickly of a light brown, drain them well, put them in a dish, sprinkling sugar over each and glaze them nicely.

An Excellent and Cheap Dessert Dish

Wash a pint of small hominy very clean and boil it tender, add an equal quantity of corn-meal, make it into a batter with eggs, milk and a piece of butter; bake it like batter cakes on a griddle, and eat it with butter and molasses.

Cherry Pudding

Beat six eggs very light, add half a pint of milk, six ounces flour, eight ounces grated bread, twelve ounces suet, chopped fine; a little salt. When it is beat well mix in eighteen ounces preserved cherries or damsons; bake or boil it. Make a sauce of melted butter, sugar and wine.

Sweet Potato Pudding

Boil one pound of sweet potatoes very tender, rub them while hot through a colander, add six eggs well beaten, three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, three-quarters of butter and some grated nutmeg and lemon peel, with a glass of brandy; put a paste in the dish, and when the pudding is done sprinkle the top with sugar and cover it with bits of citron. Irish potato pudding is made in the same manner, but is not so good.

Sippet Pudding

Cut a loaf of bread as thin as possible, put a layer of it in the bottom of a deep dish, strew on currants or stoned raisins; do this till the dish is full; let the currants or raisins be at the top, beat four eggs, mix with them a quart of milk that has been boiled a little and become cold, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a grated nutmeg; pour it in and bake it in a moderate oven; eat it with wine sauce.

An Apple Custard

Pare and core twelve pippins, slice them tolerably thick, put a pound of loaf sugar in a stewpan with a pint of water and twelve cloves, boil and skin it, then put in the apples and stew them clear, and but little of the syrup remains; lay them in a deep dish and take out the cloves, when the apples are cold pour in a quart of rich boiled custard; set it in water and make it boil till the custard is set; take care the water does not get into it.

Discounting the Cost

By Louise Willing

FEW of us stop to think that life is made up of balances, and that in our actions we come out sometimes on the right and sometimes on the wrong side of the ledger, just as in any other business. We pay for what we get, if not in money then in character. But are all the things we do worth the price we pay for them? In our struggle for success, we are willing to pay high for the evidence that we have already attained. We will not follow the speeding motor of our neighbor with our slow carriage and pair, but mortgage our home for the wherewithal to keep up with her in the procession. We vie with our wealthier friends in the lavishness and beauty of our entertainments, and strain every nerve to obtain as handsome dresses and rich jewels as those worn by other women we know. All of these things have to be paid for, eventually, in good, hard cash, however much we may strain our credit in the present, else the balance stays on the wrong side and we go down past hope of recovery.

These things are apparent to all the world, and few women stop to count the cost of them in peace of mind and sane

enjoyment of life. But there are other things, more intangible, for which we have to pay too, not in coin, but in the things which money cannot buy. Few of us realize that the little "white lie," apparently so harmless, once started rolling, will go on like a snowball, gathering bulk of its own kind until it is a huge defect in the character, seen by everybody.

Or the morsel of scandal, started by a venomous tongue. An innocent victim may suffer, but the one who defames her loses far more in the respect and esteem of her friends. They are afraid of her as soon as they realize, as they are sure to, that she has a gossiping tongue. The woman, too, who indulges the evil habit of malice—whose friends are never safe from her little malicious thrusts at their foibles and weaknesses. Does she not pay for it in the loss of their regard for her? If women would stop to count the cost of these indulgences as a merchant figures up his debits and credits, the balance on the right side would soon grow heavier, and the more quickly will we attain that ideal of womanhood which is the dream of us all.



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It tells how Crisco makes better foods at less cost and gives over 100 tested recipes showing the best way to use Crisco for frying, for shortening, for cake making. Address The Procter & Gamble Company, Dept. L, Cincinnati, O.



WILL you make the most of your garden and your market? Or, will you allow fine, fresh fruits and vegetables to go to waste?

Will you be able to count many big shelves filled with long rows of delicious peas, beans, corn, tomatoes, pears, peaches, plums—all kinds of "goodies" preserved to a queen's taste? Then, learn the secret of "jarring"—the new, safe, easy way of canning in

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E-Z Seal is the jar for all housewives—for those who know the most about preserving, and those who know the least. It will give better results to both.

The sanitary, all-glass jar that keeps fruit for "keeps." It has the all-glass cap, the wire spring seal—easy to fill, easy to open and easy to clean. The wire clamp excludes the air, the green tint excludes the light.

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Try this jar—test it. Take this coupon to your grocer. He will give you one jar free.

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1-Qt.
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free jar, present this
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received one (1) E-Z Seal Jar
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TO THE DEALER—Present this to Jubber from
whom you received E-Z Seal Jars. All coupons must
be signed by you and returned before November 1, 1912.

DEALER'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I gave
one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar to the person whose signature
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YOU MAY BE ABLE TO WRITE A HIT

Hundreds of dollars have been made in successful songs.
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Most of your friends use it
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Canning and Preserving Summer Fruits

By Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce

SUMMER brings with it the best of the small fruits, and offers the opportunity for preparing preserves and jams, jellies and relishes with which to vary the winter table. Cherries along with raspberries provide both sweetmeats and tempting drinks, while currants can be used both singly and in combinations with other fruits.

Cherries are ready for preserving in the central states before extremely hot weather sets in, so that preparing them is a pleasant task. There are many varieties and all are delicious, but the Black Tartarian and the Morellos are the best for preserving. They are dark in color, rich in flavor. The White Oxhearts and other light-colored cherries are almost too delicate to cook or combine with sugar.

English cherry jam is famous. To make it in the best way use only the finest fruit and weigh before stemming. For every pound of fruit allow a pound of the best granulated sugar. For every six pounds of fruit allow a pint of red currant juice and one additional pound of sugar. Remove the pits from the cherries with one of the little patent appliances that do the work readily without tearing the fruit. Place in the preserving kettle and let heat slowly. Simmer very gently, until tender, then add the sugar and the currant juice with a few of the kernels of the cherries that have been well cracked. Boil slowly for almost half an hour, or until the jam thickens when cool. Stir well from time to time and skim off all of the scum as it rises.

Rich, ripe cherries made into good old-fashioned preserves are always desirable. There are several methods that can be employed, but none is better than this one that comes from an old English source: Choose ripe, but not soft, fruit and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Remove the stems and the pits, keeping the fruit as whole as possible. Make a syrup with the sugar and a gill of water for every two pounds. When clear drop the cherries in and boil for fifteen minutes, skimming frequently. Turn into an earthen dish and let stand over night. Then drain the cherries through a sieve and put the syrup back in the preserving kettle with the juice of white currants in the proportion of one pint to a pound of fruit. Boil until the syrup is thick, skimming to keep clear. Pack full into jars and seal tight. Currants added to such sweet fruit as the cherry greatly improve the flavor, and add piquancy, but if it happens that the simpler form is preferred the same method can be followed, omitting the currant juice and using a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

CANNED fruits are never so rich as preserves, but they retain the natural flavor and are preferred by many people. Cherries can be treated exactly after the manner of strawberries allowing one-quarter of a pound of sugar for every quart jar and cooking ten minutes. Both the dark and the light colored fruit can be treated in this way, and if the recipe is carefully followed, will retain their natural flavor.

Raspberries, being somewhat seedy, when cooked are more limited in their possibilities than either cherries or strawberries, but they combine with currants to make an extremely tasty jam, and from their juice can be made a refreshing drink.

For the jam select fine fruit, and for every pound allow a pound of sugar and one pint of red currant juice. Put the berries in a preserving kettle and beat them with a wooden spoon. Heat slowly and boil for a quarter of an hour, keeping well stirred. Add the currant juice and the sugar and boil for one-half hour more, skimming all the time until the jam is perfectly clear. Pack in small jars and store in a cool place.

Raspberry shrub or raspberry vinegar makes one of the most delicious and refreshing warm weather drinks. Put fresh ripe raspberries into a stone jar and pour over them cider vinegar in the proportion of one quart to two quarts of fruit. Cover and stand in a cool place for two days, then drain off the liquor without mashing the berries. Pour it over a second quantity of the fruit and cover again and stand it aside. At the expiration of two days repeat the operation, and when it has stood for a third time strain through a muslin bag. Then add one pound of sugar to every pint of the liquid; boil slowly for five minutes, skim thoroughly and let stand fifteen minutes to cool. Bottle, seal and store in a dark place. When desired add iced water to suit the taste.

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CURRANTS make the best jelly of all and can be made into a relish to serve with all meats if cooked with spices.

For jelly, pick over and wash the currants, but do not stem them. Put the fruit in a porcelain kettle and stand in a larger vessel of water. Steam until the juice is extracted, then pass through a flannel bag and let drip all night, but do not squeeze it. For each pint of currants allow a pint of sugar spread on platters and placed in the oven to become hot, but do not allow it to color. Let the juice boil for twenty minutes, then add the sugar and let it all come to the boiling-point, skim and fill into glasses that have been dipped in hot water. Stand in the sun until firm. For spiced currants use brown sugar and allow four pounds of it to four pounds of the fruit, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and two of ground cloves. Cook until thick, then pack in jelly glasses.

For Bar le Duc, use either red or white currants of the finest quality, ripe but still firm. Strip from the stems and for every pound of fruit allow a pound of granulated sugar. Spread the sugar on tin plates and stand in a hot oven until it begins to melt, but do not allow it to color or to become a syrup, only let it stand in the heat long enough to reach the melting-point. Have hot platters ready, spread over them a layer of the sugar, then one of the fruit and a second of sugar. Cover with clear panes of glass and stand in the bright sunlight all day. At night bring into the house without disturbing the glass and repeat the sunning process for three days, when the fruit should be transparent and tender. Lift the fruit out of the syrup with a skimmer and fill into small tumblers. Boil the syrup down to a jelly, then pour over the currants and seal tight. Should one of the three days provide no needed sunshine make a substitute of the oven, but let it be only warm, not hot.

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THE TARDINESS OF PRINCE MAXIMILIAN

(Continued from page 12)

that made her hair flame out like a torch; and she wore the orchids, mauve and cream, that he had sent her earlier in the day. It was the most wonderful box of flowers, by the bye, that she had ever had. Mrs. Marchmont drifted into the drawing-room to do the proprieties, and drifted out again very shortly. She disapproved, vaguely, since she knew nothing of the visitor, but as she sometimes complained, her little niece was stern with her; and, dear lady, she found it easier to slip along with the tide of the girl's youth and enthusiasm than to set herself against it. . . . She went off to answer invitations, and to look up a pearl pendant that she wanted to give her niece for the Diplomatic Reception the following week.

The Marchmont drawing-room was eminently correct in its decorations and appointments. Mrs. Marchmont liked fawn for a wall covering, because it did not interfere with the colors of people's gowns. The room was very American, very pleasant and livable, and in excellent taste. The rose-red candle-shades, and, indeed, the use of candles at all for afternoon tea, was a wild, exotic innovation of Valerie's. Her's, too, the Watts photographs, and the new music on the grand piano.

It seemed to Max Heinrich, marvelously versed in the hearts and the ways of womankind, that he could see in Valerie and in everything she touched a protest, a reaching out—in a thousand subtle ways, the girl was asking of Life to be crowned, to be fulfilled. Never in his satiate life had he seen such exquisite, fervent dissatisfaction with the world of everyday. Valerie was made for romance, if ever maiden was so made; today, as she sat before him in her green gown with the candlelight on her glittering hair, she might have been Francesca, Helen, Danae—any one of the immortal women born to immortal moments.

He was just a little afraid of himself, afraid of his own insight into the possibilities of this girl. And he strolled to the piano and tried to find distraction in her songs. They were of the sort to make matters worse—ardent, yearning things, voicing, though unconsciously, her awakening womanhood. One manuscript song which he took up casually and glanced through, was different, sadder, more a thing of visions, less pitifully real. She admitted shyly that she had made it herself. So he bade her sing for him, and sat with his eyes shaded by his hand, to hear her.

"Will our dream come true, my friend?"
True for me,—for you?"

sang Valerie, in her curiously low contralto voice, and the wistful look more discernible than usual about her mouth;

"Shall we find the rainbow's end,
When our search is through?
Shall we find the pot of gold,
Shining in the dew?
When a thousand years are told—
Will our dream come true?"

He got up, quietly, and came over to the piano. He leaned on it, as she played the intermediate bar or two before the second verse, and looked at her. A girl in a thousand! A girl in a lifetime! He, who knew women, and had loved many,

knew that he had never come so close to the Shrine as now.

"Will our dream come true, my dear?
Shall we seek it far?
Shall we seek it very near,
Where the sunflowers are?
Or, when Silence like a wave,
Has hushed the things we do,
In the quiet of our grave
Will our dream come true?

"In the *Märchen*—what you call the fairy tales—of my country," said Max Heinrich softly, "they tell of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. I did not know what it was before."

"And do you know now?" she said, smiling shyly up at him in the half light. Her hair was as golden and ruddy as a field of mingled poppies and golden-rod in the sun.

"Yes," he nodded; "I know now what it is. It is—I know now what it is. Mein Fräulein, what is in your dream?"

"Everything in the world!" she cried. Then, ashamed of her own vehemence, she sat silent for a second. "Everything in the world," she said again, in a lower tone—contemplatively, as though she tried to remember a great many different things. "It's the tops of mountains after you've climbed forever and ever to get to them. It's the sea after you've been too hot and tired to live. It's the morning after you've lain awake all night. It's—oh!" she cried, despairingly, "I can't put it into words! My dream is just all that I want and need most."

He was still for a moment. "So is everyone's dream," he said at last, "just what they want and need most. But I think that your dream goes deeper, reaches farther." He was trying deliberately to make her express herself, voice her heart's demand.

"Sometimes," she said slowly and haltingly, "when I have been at parties, or talking to people, I have thought—suddenly—why is this so important? Why are we doing this? There must be something so much more important than this." She was feeling, feeling for words. "I have thought," she said, "of sailors out at sea who were clinging to mastheads and waiting for hurricanes; and men in war-times who had to ride over dangerous passes under the enemy's shell; and women who killed themselves because they stood in the way of someone's happiness; and lepers who could never be happy at all; and kings on thrones, who had not themselves but great peoples to think about; and—and—"

"Well?" His low voice drew the rest of it.

"And I have felt," she almost sobbed, with her sea-blue eyes lifted to his face, "that I should die if I did not have some part in all that. In the pain, and the bravery, and the glory of all that. In the wonderful things—the wonderful, wonderful things, that are going on everywhere outside the little place where I have to live." She stopped breathless. The sea-blue eyes were full of tears.

"So you want all that!" he said gently. "You want—life!"

She rose from the piano, and brushed the tears away with a low laugh full of emotion and a shadow of womanly shame for it. They both came back to the tea



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her except when some neighbor inquired after his wife. His answer was that she could not stand the severe cold, so had gone to her former home for the winter.

STRIVE as he would to keep his thoughts occupied elsewhere, he missed Vivia constantly. She seemed, in the short time she had been with him, to have identified herself with every moment and action of his daily life. Her health had demanded that she spend most of her time in the open air and, as she knew little of housekeeping details, it had become his habit to take her with him out over the pasture and woodlands—wherever he had gone to overlook his stock or crops she had been his constant companion. The winter before he had grown to look forward with infinite pleasure each day to the evening when, in their own cosy sitting-room Vivia would sit at the piano and sing, sometimes selections from an opera, a plaintive love song, or again some rollicking popular air. Occasionally, when in the mood, she would mimic various stage celebrities in such a deliciously comic way that David would roar with laughter. Again she would saucily catch up her skirts and hummimg gaily dance as lightly and gracefully as an hour.

Through a New York paper to which he subscribed he read of her success in the "Prince and the Girl"—she had become one of the favorites of the season. Toward the close of January he noticed that her part had been taken by another, and he supposed, as Ledyard was said to be sending out two road companies with the new piece, that Vivia was with either one or the other of them.

ONE night, as March was howling itself out in a blizzard, David left the family living-room and, going across the hall, entered the chill, silent sitting-room of his bridal suite. Going to the hearth he stooped and kindled the fire which always lay there ready to be ignited. David never entered here except on such occasions as these when the longing for Vivia's presence nearly overcame him. Then he would slip away and give full rein to the bitter-sweet thoughts of his brief love-dream.

He made no other light in the room now, but huddled close over the blazing logs as he sat in her low chair with unseeing eyes fixed on the blazing logs.

How long he had been there he did not know when the sound of the gentle opening and closing of the door back of him aroused him. Glancing around he was surprised to see his mother cross the room and seat herself opposite him. He had never known her to come here at night before, and wondered dully what her errand could be. He was not left long in suspense. "David," she began in her firm, level voice, "don't you think it is time that you brought your wife home?"

"Mother!" he ejaculated, then, recovering himself, "mother, I thought you understood that when my wife left me and went back to her old stage life, so far as I was concerned, she might as well be lying in her grave."

"No, my son, I don't know anything of the kind," she rejoined placidly. "I do understand that you swore before God to 'love and cherish Vivia Grey until death did you part' and, simply because the girl

could not at once give up the only mode of life she had ever known and adopt your own there's no reason why you should cast her off without another chance. Let me tell you something, David," and for the first time some color came into the woman's voice. "I was born and grew up in the city of Portland, as you know. When your father and I were married it was at Thanksgiving time. Of course, we came straight here to his home and I tried to attend, as best I could, to all the new duties that, as a farmer's wife, I found awaiting me. Well, by the end of March, after I'd been shut up here all winter; snowed up once for three weeks, seeing no one, hearing nothing new, only a continual round of work, I do assure you that if I had had any place to run to I should surely have done it. But after my marriage, father broke up our home and went to live with my married brother, so I had to stick it out here; and in the course of time I became accustomed to country life, and have spent many happy years on the farm. But, my son, this girl you have married had been snatched through her illness from a life brimful with congenial work and feverish gayety—her lips were just touching the cup of success when she had to drop it all and fly here for her life. In all these months she's never been five miles from here, except when driving. Now, because she couldn't resist her desire to taste once more the pleasures she had known and which you refused to share with her, even in part—for you might have taken her down to Boston or New York on a trip occasionally—you say she is 'dead as far as you are concerned!' Not a bit of it, David. Vivia is your wife and she loves

you and, show girl or not, I believe she is a good little thing and will turn out all right—and I've not lived sixty years without knowing something about human nature." Mrs. Morgan paused for breath. David was looking at his mother almost in awe; in all his life he never remembered having heard such a long speech from her lips.

"NOW, I think," she continued, "that this winter will be about all the girl will ever care to spend away from you, but if she had not gone she would never have settled down contentedly here. Anyway you must give her another chance, son," her voice dropped ominously. "Lose no time!" She had noticed on his face an expression of obstinate determination not to yield to any argument. "Lose no time," she repeated, "or you may be too late; your wife is not robust, even though she did pick up so much while she was with us, and these five months may have landed her just where she was before. She may even now be in sore distress. Think well what you do now or you may live to repent of it," she concluded, rising and leaving the room.

A few days later found David at the Ledyard booking office in New York, anxiously inquiring the whereabouts of Miss Vivia Grey. He learned that she had been compelled to quit "The Prince and the Girl" company some time in January on account of illness and he was given the name of a hospital to which it was thought the singer had gone for treatment. David hastened there and was told that Miss Grey had been a patient there until a fortnight

THE SHOW GIRL

(Continued from page 20)

THE SHOW GIRL

(Continued from page 62)

ago, dangerously ill of acute pneumonia. While yet scarcely able to move, a friend—a girl—who during her illness had visited the hospital frequently, had taken her away in a taxicab but to what address no one of those in authority could say.

David was baffled and disheartened. His whole thought now was to find, and find quickly, the little girl he loved better than life. All anger and resentment were pushed from his mind by his sudden intense anxiety. He decided to go to the theater and interview every member of the cast with the hope of gaining some definite information. At the stage door he encountered a gruff old attendant who refused absolutely to admit him without an order from "the boss." A matinee was in progress, so David quietly stationed himself opposite the guardian of the portal determined that no one of the company should leave without answering his query. The old man finally began conversation on his own account, and David presently, after tendering him a couple of cigars, told him of his quest.

"You wish to enquire for Miss Grey? She who was so seek? You cannot find her? Who are you?" sharply interrogated the old man.

"I'm her husband," answered David simply. "I must find her and get her back to the country with me before it's too late."

"Mein Gott in Himmel! Why you sit out here talking all day? Why you don't go in and git dem parrots to chatter? Dey may know somethings about your wife, vere she now iss. Go on in," and he almost pushed David into a long, dimly-lighted corridor. An act was just over and scores of people, fantastically dressed, were hurrying to their dressing rooms from the stage. David was bewildered by the strange scene, but kept his errand fully in mind. Catching at a little mincing figure in high-heeled red leather boots, David thrust his question at him broadly, "Excuse me, but do you know Miss Vivia Grey's present address?" The little comedian squinted up at his questioner in the uncertain light. "Vivia Grey?" he repeated in a rather squeaky voice, "Vivia Grey's dead, my friend."

DAVID'S hand dropped to his side. "Dead!" he muttered thickly. A big, blond woman dressed as an Eastern Princess was passing at the moment. "You are mistaken, my dear Alfonse," she cut in. "As usual. Viv Grey is not dead now, but she will be soon, goodness knows, if she stays at Mame Garvey's roost much longer." And she continued on her way whistling a snatch of some melody.

David was at her side instantly. "If you know where Miss Grey is now," he said imploringly, "I beg of you to tell me."

"Why, sure," she answered good-naturedly. "Viv's a pal of mine; so when she was able to get out of the hospital—funds runnin' pretty low, you know—I steered her to Mame Garvey's shack—boarding-house, I mean—over on Ninth Av'ne, but it's more on the blink than I thought, so I'm hunting another place for

the kid. Say, what do you want with her anyway?" she asked with frank curiosity.

David told her that he was an old friend of Vivia's. He had come to New York and wanted to see her before he left the city. "Oh!" said the Eastern Princess non-committally, but she gave him the Ninth Avenue address and David hurried away after thanking her gratefully.

It was late afternoon when he reached the house. A seedy-looking unprepossessing exterior prepared him for the unpleasant sights and smells which greeted him on being admitted by a shrewish, slatternly looking woman who proved to be Mrs. Garvey herself.

EVERYTHING within sight looked worn out and dingy, including the proprietress, and the odor of badly-cooked food hung heavy on the air. To David's enquiry the woman replied that "Miss Grey was in, she supposed." Going to the foot of the stairs she bawled shrilly:

"Lizzie! Lizzie! Show this gentleman where Grey's room is; then come down and hustle yourself. Get busy now." Then to David, "Go on up," as she turned and shuffled away.

When he reached the top of the stairs he was met by a freckled-faced, little Irish girl. "Ye've to climb another flight," she volunteered, leading the way. "Sure her room's an awful one for a sick body, dark as me pocket an' cold as an iceberg—she's to lay in bed most of the time to keep warm. They say she was an actress before she fell ill, but she's goin' to pieces now sure. Here ye are, sir." And the garrulous housemaid pattered away.

David stood for a brief moment, his hand resting on the doorknob, a question beating at his brain—"Was he indeed, too late?" Then he entered. The room was almost dark, but he could see a figure, which looked like that of a child, huddled in the bed. At the sound of the opening door a dark head was raised from the pillow and a pair of hazel eyes, much too large for the white, thin little face gazed into his.

"Oh, David, David, David!" Vivia cried. "You've come for me at last!" She was sobbing hysterically as her husband sprang to the bedside and gathered her in his arms.

So they remained until finally she became quiet, then he laid her back on the pillow, but she pulled his head down beside her own and her thin little fingers patted and stroked his face.

"Why, Dave, your cheeks are all wet," she whispered. Then happily, "You do love me yet, don't you Dave, dear? And you'll take me home again with you? Oh, Dave, I've had enough of this life; I want to go home; I want to smell the pines and see our own dear lake and my ghost-trees again, if it's only once more before I die."

"Die! Nothing!" said David chokingly. Then with sudden resolution. "You're going up there to live, do you hear? To live and get well, and be the happiest little girl on earth." And so it was written.



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COZY CHATS WITH OUR GIRLS

Conducted by Valerie Willing Curtis



HIS department is devoted to discussing topics of timely interest and importance to our girls. Hardly a day goes by but leaves nearly everyone of us puzzling over some problem or matter of conduct that is immediate and personal to ourselves. If you will write us whenever you need help or advice, or whenever you can advise or help other girls who may need it, we will gladly print as many such letters as may be available. Please address Miss Curtis care of McCall's Magazine, New York City.

AMERICAN girls are said to be the most extravagant girls in the world. It isn't only foreigners who tell us so: we hear the accusation from our own hard-working fathers who sometimes—not often, be it said—complain that their daughters haven't the least idea of the value of money. Is this true, girls? Do you spend every cent you can get on artificial flowers and gloves and handkerchiefs, lace collars and cheap jewelry? Do you stop at the soda fountain every time you go to town? Do you make daily visits to the picture shows and "take in" all the vaudeville and cheap theaters? If you do, then you are extravagant and are forming habits which you will surely regret later in life.

I do think fathers and mothers are often responsible for spendthrift daughters. Girls learn early in life that they can go to father for fresh supplies whenever their own purses are empty, and usually a little wheedling and coaxing will get a very generous donation. What matter then if the money is wasted? There is always more to be had from the same source.

I WOULD like to make this a heart-to-heart talk with our girls on the subject of saving. Some of you may be earning your own money outside the home. Well and good, if you are not needed at home and can by your salary help to swell the fund for little comforts and luxuries. But for those of us who stay at home? Ought we not have money of our own, too? If a girl helps with the household duties should she not be paid for her work? This is a much discussed question in many households. Many fathers refuse to give an allowance to wife and children, preferring to give various and sundry sums at fitful and irregular seasons, generally after many requests have been made for the much needed money. Even generous fathers feel that their willingness to provide is called in question if an allowance is asked for. "I make my money for my family," they reason. "What I have is theirs and all they have to do is to ask for it." To my mind, no better way than this can be devised for cultivating habits of extravagance. No girl can learn the value of money unless she has a stated and regular allowance which must unfailingly be made to cover certain and definite necessary expenses. With such a weekly or monthly income, the girl soon learns to save. Lacking this regular income which is our own, we girls

grow up ignorant of the value of money, never taught how to save.

Now and then we hear of parents who are teaching their children their valuable lesson. The mother of two children in Clearfield, Pa., tells me:

"I have given my two children, a girl of eight and a boy of six, an allowance of five cents a week since they were four years of age. After they began playing with other children and found out the 'delights' that could be bought with a penny they were always 'broke.' Then we suggested they use the money that came their way for some definite purpose. Now, they buy all the little gifts they give at Christmas out of their pocket money. It takes managing and they do manage. After making a list that suits them they bring it to father or me, and one of us accompanies them on their shopping tours. It is surprising how discriminating they are and what nice things they choose for the money, necessarily small. The birthdays are observed in a similar manner. Out of their savings Boy has bought a velocipede and Sister a doll with real hair, besides other little articles, and they also contribute their mite to the church and Sunday school. Of course they have money given to them sometimes, which swells the allowance fund. I think this plan is even better than saving money for a bank account. They don't get miserly or selfish, and they also learn the value of money."

I think I hear some of my girls ask, "Well, how does that apply to us, now that we are grown and have never had our own money?"

It applies to you, dear girls, in this way, that it is never too late to begin to form good habits. Have a talk with father and ask him to give you an allowance. Explain to him why you want it—that you need to learn the use of money. I am sure he will not refuse it. Have a clear understanding of what expenses your income is to cover, then see how wise you can be in meeting those expenses. There is no question but you can get all you need if you will, but you may have to be very stern with yourself sometimes, in foregoing little extravagances. You may have to give up the new collar that is so tempting, the smart hat that is so cheap, many of those visits to the soda fountain.

JUST try and see how many things you can give up and never miss them. Not that I want you to become needlessly sparing. Far from it! I once heard a bright girl, who had had to learn to economize after many years of affluence, say that she had to "go and spend a quarter occasionally just to make sure she wasn't getting stingy." But don't spend the quarter every time you go downtown. It is the little leaks that make the money go so horribly fast.

I knew one girl who made such a wise use of the money she earned that I must tell you about her. She began to teach after she left school, and as soon as she was getting a regular salary, she resolved to spend it as wisely as she could, and at the same time save something each year. She got a big blank book for her

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They will tell you that there is no cloth more satisfactory than

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accounts. Two pages were given to the expenses for each month. On the first page she put down her wants, that is what she hoped to buy during that month, and the cost she was willing to allow for each article. In certain fall months, for instance, she put shoes, winter hat, coat suit, winter underwear; later in the winter, an evening dress, and so on, planning her year's wardrobe ahead of time. On the opposite page she entered the month's salary and her expenditures, that is, the articles purchased, with their actual cost. If she had to pay more for one article than she had estimated on the opposite page, she made up for it by getting something else for less money. Of course, there was an allowance for contingencies, and a certain sum to be saved. This saving sum, by the way, was put in the savings bank as soon as the salary was received, so there would be no temptation to spend that. Then, whatever else she could save out of each month by getting less expensive things than she had allowed for, was also added to the savings bank fund.

+

IN A very few years she had a nice little balance to her credit in the bank, had had several nice trips, and had all the clothes she needed besides. The planning and contriving became a kind of a game with her, and I have heard her say she took the interest in it that men seem to find in managing their business affairs. It was splendid training for her, too. Any girl who will do something like this systematically will be forming the habits she will need to make her a good household manager and helpmeet for her husband should that crowning joy of a woman's life come to be hers. The Germans have a proverb that "An extravagant wife shovels more out the back door than the husband can bring in at the front." No woman wants to feel that she is such a drain as that upon her husband, but unless she is trained, or trains herself in economy, she will surely be so.

I have talked so much upon this pet theme of mine that I haven't room to answer the letters this month. Only one can we consider now.

"Homely Girl" writes from Berlin, N. D.: "I am a girl fourteen years old and go to the public school in the country. I am not at all pretty, but somehow I am very self-conscious and bashful, even among my schoolmates. Could you tell me how to overcome this self-consciousness?"

The only cure for this trouble is to learn to think about something besides yourself. Interest yourself in some study, in drawing, in embroidery, in cooking, in any pursuit you can take up, and put all your thought on doing that just as well as you can. And try, too, to think more of the people around you, and of what pleases them, than of yourself. Self-centered people are always self-conscious. It is what you can do, and what you can be to other people, that counts, and not your own small self.

Not Quite Practical

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other; "liberal, but not always practical. For instance, she wanted to send alarm clocks to Africa to aid sufferers from the sleeping sickness."

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Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. Liberal sample free.



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Taking Care of the Face in Summer

Common-Sense Beauty Talks—No 7

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer



THE average summer maiden feels that she cannot properly impress people with the fact that she has had "a perfectly grand vacation," unless she returns to town freckled, blistered and tanned, with her hair bleached fifteen different shades, spongy to the touch, and falling out in handfuls. Of course, out-of-door existence is the most healthful in the world. But there is no reason why two weeks of it should make one look like an explorer, returning from a long expedition in the torrid zone.

If you go about bare-headed in the summertime, you will have the pleasure of paying for your fun in a beauty-destroying crop of freckles, and a tanned or burnt skin. Tanning by constant exposure to the sun thickens the texture of the skin. The delicate skin beside being much more beautiful than a coarse one, does not wrinkle as quickly, and responds sooner to massage or general treatment. The thin skin always shows a pretty color by reason of its transparent quality, providing the blood beneath it is healthy and pure. Once you have tanned your skin very thoroughly, only the most heroic methods will restore its former color and quality. Therefore, the only way of keeping the complexion attractive and delicate is to care for it, and to protect it from extremes of heat and cold.



THERE is no one infallible rule which will answer for the preservation of every woman's skin. The texture of the cuticle varies according to the occupation, and the manner of life, so that the result of over-exposure to summer sun and wind may be a tanning and thickening of the epidermis in one, and the relaxing of the tissues in the other, especially in the older subject; naturally the same kind of treatment will not do for both.

First for the girl who tans easily. If she is to spend her vacation at the seaside, let her be well provided with a shade hat, and with a veil, preferably green, the best for the eyes and skin. Sunbonnets are fortunately in fashion again, and I beg you not to join the group of sun bathers unless you have protected your face at least from the solar glare. Have a collar to your bathing suit. The most sensible women have high-necked bathing suits, the sleeves of which reach well over the elbow. When bathing, protect your complexion by applying a good layer of face cream before you go into the water. Rub the cream in thoroughly and use whatever kind you have found agrees best with you. If you have let your face blister and can get any buttermilk, bathe it in that patting the milk into the skin and letting it dry on. If not, use a soft cold cream, and wipe off with a pad of cotton dipped in warm water. Remember that you cannot put too much oil or cream on your face in summertime. The hot sun is doing its best to bake the natural oil out of your skin, and it is your part to replace the loss.

There are also skins which have a tendency to become very oily, and get that shiny look which women so detest. For them I suggest a very simple

lotion made of one pint of good white wine vinegar and the same quantity of very ripe strawberries; clean the strawberries and macerate with the vinegar for about twenty-four hours; strain and add about eight ounces of distilled water and a few drops of essence of rose. A little of this mopped over the face, makes a delicious lotion for the person whose face becomes shiny or flabby in hot weather.



IF THE face shows a tendency to become red, to break out in little pimples, and always looks overheated after meals, there is something the matter with the diet. Everyone should be especially careful of the diet in hot weather. I once spent a vacation at a health resort where the air was magnificent enough to whet the most languid appetite. The farmhouse where I stayed was run by a dyspeptic and his wife, who was also a victim of "stomach trubill," as she called it. They set a bountiful table, I must admit, but when I was confronted at breakfast with nine different kinds of cakes and pies, and three other bilious and peevish looking boarders, I decided that plain New York air and breakfast of fruit, toast and tea was more to my liking, and would prove better for my health. I forgot to mention that beside the nine edibles above mentioned, there was a fish hash for breakfast and a large portion of oatmeal that would have done beautifully for a poultice.

The further you get into the country, the fewer vegetables are served on the boarding-house and hotel table. Yet, it is vegetables, fruit and salads which the summer girl should partake most of, while she avoids too much meat, pastry, rich and unknown sauces, candy, unless of a superior quality, and soda water.

The summer vacation should be the time of all the year in which to lay up a stock of health and vitality for the winter. You have to aid you in your beauty quest, an inexhaustible fund of pure, fresh air, the sunshine and the heat, which induces perspiration, and perspiration, my dear summer maiden, is one of the greatest beautifiers in the world, because it helps to carry off the superfluous matter which clogs the pores and leaves the skin in a healthful condition.



LET this perspiration help you to cure yourself of any possible skin blemishes, such as blackheads. Blackheads appear on the face and usually on the skin of the back, when the circulation is sluggish, when the subject is anaemic, or suffers from indigestion, or when the skin itself does not function properly. Get to the root of the matter, improve your circulation, and cure the digestive trouble. Then on one of the hottest days when your face is perspiring freely, press out the small black spots using a comedone extractor or the finger nails and some soft muslin. The blackhead will yield to pressure then much more quickly than at any other time. Be careful not to rupture the delicate tissue that causes an ugly little scar. Afterward apply a little bit of cologne to the spot.

Another treatment for blackheads

which is best tried in summertime is called the green soap treatment. Green soap may be purchased at any drug store. It is not green, but it is a thick fluid. Bathe the face in very warm water, then ring out some cloths in hot water, lay them on the face, renewing frequently. Continue this operation for fifteen or twenty minutes. Now rub the green soap over the parts covered by the blackheads; continue rubbing for several minutes, then rinse the soap from the face with hot water, using a camel's hair face brush, so as to remove all the soap, and as many blackheads as will come. Rinse very thoroughly with clean hot water and then with cold. Dry and anoint it with a skin food or cream. Continue this treatment every night until the blackheads have disappeared, but don't use the treatment if you have pimples, as the green soap will irritate them. The pimples can be dried up with peroxide of hydrogen, or with the ordinary zinc salve, to be had at all drug stores.

A great many women acquire what are called summer freckles, a light freckle appearing almost instantly on exposure to the sun, and disappearing after a while if the subject remains indoors. The best treatment for freckles, both the summer freckles and the more durable variety, or winter freckles, is to bathe them frequently with pure soap and water, using a good face scrubbing brush and rubbing the freckles until they are almost irritated.

The advantage of this friction is that it excites the circulation beneath the skin.

Lots of times freckles can be literally scrubbed away, that is to say, the blood reabsorbing the pigmentary deposit. After the face is thoroughly washed and dried, rub over it a little of this: Elder flower ointment, half an ounce, mixed with ten grains of sulphate of zinc.

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MANY a girl has told me how lovely it was to wake up in summertime with the sun streaming into her room, and shining in her eye, being awakened in fact, by the brilliant glare of light. This glare is never beneficial to the eye, and no one who wishes to keep their vision strong and clear, and to avoid wrinkles around the eyes and on the forehead, should sleep in a room of this kind. If you cannot shade your window, tie a piece of black silk, an old handkerchief, or an old ribbon around your eyes, so that the early morning sun will not affect them.

We subject our eyes to all kinds of ill treatment in the summer, and it is not good common sense nor healthful to go about on a glaring beach or on the pavements which reflect the rays of the sun, without protecting the eyes in some way, either with glasses or with a shade hat and veil.

Questions for this Department will be answered under direction of Miss Ayer if they are addressed to Beauty and Hygiene Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

A Girl and a Suit Case

(Continued from page 25)

the first and last time. I am not quite sure but my impression is that he accused me of stealing his suit case, and trying to rob him of his confounded gold mine. I never heard of such effrontery, such impudence."

"That's too bad," Randolph said, in genuine distress. "I am sure you have misunderstood Page. He probably tried to tell you about the very queer circumstances that have arisen since he came to New York."

"They can't be as queer as his method of telling about them," Mr. Conrad said sarcastically. "I understand he has been here," to Alice.

"Yes, uncle, he has."

"Well, let it be the last time."

"But, uncle, there is something strange about it all," Alice said hurrying to Page's defense. "What kind of a suit case was the one you asked me to bring to you in Hartford?"

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MR. CONRAD looked at his niece with an expression of hopeless resignation. "What kind of a suit case?" he repeated. "What is what kind of a suit case? Why it was a suit case, leather; that's all."

"But Mr. Page's had a peculiar mark on it," Alice persisted.

"What do you know about his suit case?" her uncle returned with asperity. "Why, bless my soul, I believe you are trying to intimate that I may have committed larceny."

"Oh, no."

"Then I wish to hear no more about this fellow Page and his suit case. And you will have no more to do with him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And I have your word?"

"No, uncle," very quietly.

"What! Do you mean—"

"I mean that I am sure you have misunderstood Mr. Page, and you will see that there has been a mistake," Alice said quietly.

"I am certain of it" Randolph added.

Mr. Conrad glared at both. Then he stepped to the door and called the butler. "When Mr. Page, the young man who called here last evening, comes again, neither Mrs. Conrad, my niece nor I will be at home," he said decisively.

Then he stalked out of the drawing-room, and Alice, Daisy and Randolph looked at each other bewildered.

"A bit of a splash," Daisy commented.

"I must find Page and see what this is all about," said Randolph, moving for the door. "Good-bye."

Alice told the butler to telephone for the motor. "Come, Daisy," she said. "We'll invade Wall Street."

(Continued in the September McCall's)

Cause and Effect

A Republican orator concluded his speech with the announcement that he would be glad to answer any arguments put forward by the other side.

An old Irish-American citizen accepted the challenge.

"Eight years ago," he said, "they told us to vote for Bryan, an' that we'd be prosperous. Oi did vote for Bryan, an' Oi've never been so prosperous in all me life, an' now, begorry, Oi'm goin' to vote for him again!"



Sunburn Cream

Do you know that one of the simplest and quickest ways to relieve SUNBURN is to apply gently

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

And you can materially modify the effect of sun and wind upon the skin by using this long-established and thoroughly reliable cream **before exposure and again on returning indoors.**

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is so cooling and refreshing, so agreeable to use because of its snow-white purity, that for years it has been the standard of toilet creams in thousands of refined homes.

It is selling everywhere—Hinds Liquid Cream in bottles, 50c. Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Let us mail you a free trial bottle and tube. Why not write NOW—a letter or card?

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That small sum is the price of Pears' Soap, with its power to repair the harm done by common soaps and to give healthful, fresh and lovely skin. There's beauty in

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15c. a Cake for the Unscented

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"There is Beauty in Every Jar"

TAKE Milkweed Cream on your summer outings. It gives the skin softness, whitens it and increases its resisting power, making the face less susceptible to ravages of sun and wind.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Apply Milkweed Cream *gently*—without rubbing—twice a day. It gives your skin power to resist flabbiness, and the lines of time. It protects against rough winds redness, freckles and sunburn. Price 50 cents and \$1.00.

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Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialists. Write us the name and address of your druggist and we will send you, FREE, through him, a box of assorted samples of our toilet essentials. Or, enclose ten cents and we will mail the samples direct to you. Address

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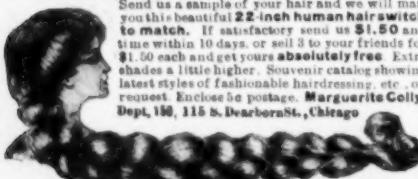
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Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful 22-inch human hair switch to match. If unsatisfactory send \$1.50 any time during the year, or sell to your friends for \$1.50 each and get your switch absolutely free. Extra shades a little higher. Souvenir catalog showing latest styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 5¢ postage. **Marguerite Celly, Dept. 150, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.**



Our Housekeeping EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

Every housekeeper who reads the magazine will, we feel sure, enter heartily into the helpful spirit of this department, and make it peculiarly her own. If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and of at least fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. Unavailable contributions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



USE FOR SANDPAPER.—A box filled with small squares of sandpaper is one of the greatest labor savers I have ever had in my kitchen. When eggs stick to cups, macaroni to the baking-dish; when vegetables or meat burn on the kettle; when flour and water dries to the table, or even when the coffee pot becomes discolored, instead of scraping, soaking, brushing or boiling, I use a square of sandpaper, coarse or fine, as the case may require, and in a few moments have removed any persistent matter as successfully as by any other method, and with a great saving of time and labor.—Mrs. A. M. M., Media, Pa.



TO REMOVE SCORCH SPOTS.—Wet the scorched portion with clear water and sprinkle with borax. It will remove the scorch and leave no stain, and may be used on the most delicate fabrics.—Mrs. M. B., Benbrook, Texas.



WHEN USING SILK ON THE MACHINE.—Take a small round piece of cloth, cut a hole in the center of it, and slip on over the spool pin. Then put on the spool, and the piece of cloth will prevent the thread slipping off the spool and winding about the pin.—C. S., Damascus, Ohio.



TO PRESS THIN SILKS.—When I have a thin silk garment or one of any material that cannot be sprinkled or wrapped in a damp cloth, I hang it in a damp place for a few hours, and it will absorb just enough moisture to press nicely.—Mrs. C. E. J., Salem, Ohio.



USE FOR OLD LACE CURTAINS.—When lace curtains have served their purpose, the bottoms will make good dresser covers with three finished edges. The sides may also be used, if they are in good condition. Put slips of colored cambric or lawn under them.—Mrs. M. G., Pekin, Ill.



BEFORE USING NEW GAS MANTLES.—Before you use a new gas mantle, soak it in vinegar and hang it up to dry. In this way a brilliant light is obtained, and the burners will last twice as long as usual, even in a draughty room.—Mrs. G. E. J., Gasport, Ind.



STARCH FOR BLACK DRESSES.—To make starch for black organdy or lawn, take black dye, dissolve it as you would for coloring, and keep bottled. When you make the starch, make it quite thin, strain the dye and pour a little into the starch. The dress will look like new, and the starch will not show.—J. M. L., Lincoln, Ill.



WHEN THE CELLAR STAIRS ARE DARK.—Paint the lowest step of the cellar white, if the cellar is dark. It may save many a fall, and it will not be necessary to feel cautiously for the bottom step.—Mrs. C. A. W., Freeburg, Ill.



AN EXCELLENT CLEANER.—Prepare a mixture of flour and gasoline as you would flour and water for gravy. Dip the articles to be cleaned into the mixture and rub carefully, then hang up without shaking off or removing the paste. When dry, shake gently to remove the flour, and the article will be perfectly clean. This will not injure the most delicate fabrics, but care must be taken not to rub too vigorously such things as chiffon, etc.—Mrs. R. B. P., Greenfield, Tenn.



TO KEEP MOLES FROM FLOWER BEDS.—If moles eat the bulbs and roots in flower beds, put moth balls in their runs, and they will leave. Moth balls are also good to put in hen's nests to keep them free from mites.—Mrs. S. E. B., Freeman, Ark.



CHINA WITH GILT BORDERS.—Soda should not be used in the dish water when washing dishes with gilt decorations. The gilt will be destroyed in a comparatively short time by the soda. It is safer to use nothing in the water but soap, when washing such dishes.—Mrs. O. M. K., Delmar, Del.



TO CLEAN WATER BOTTLES.—To remove stains from the interior of milk or water bottles, cut a raw potato into small pieces, and shake vigorously in the bottle for a few minutes. The stains will entirely disappear.—Mrs. E. E. H., De Pere, Wis.



AN APRON LIKE YOUR HOUSE DRESS.—When a new house dress is made, it is a good plan to make an apron of the same material. You will thus appear neater than when wearing an apron of another color, and another advantage is that it will fade with the dress and can be used for mending it when the dress begins to wear out.—J. M. L., Lincoln, Ill.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR WHIPPED CREAM.—Add a sliced banana to the white of one egg and beat until stiff. The banana will entirely dissolve, and you will have a delicious substitute for whipped cream.—S. Z., Chicago, Ill.



CARE OF TAN SHOES.—A dealer told me to always polish tan shoes with russet polish before they were worn. It is almost impossible to remove spots from them, unless they are polished before they are worn, thus filling up the pores of the leather.—C. C. C., Janesville, Wis.

Ways to Health via the Sleeping Porch

By Emma Adams Franklin

WE HAD always summered on the seashore and when we changed for the inland, which we considered advisable so as to enjoy a complete change of air, our city home being on the Atlantic Coast, we seemed particularly susceptible to the dry heat of the mountain air. We noticed that although the nights were always cool and fresh after hot days in the summer, the house would become so overheated that it would take considerable time for the rooms to cool off. Consequently, the children would be restless, and, though they often slept well enough, they would be bathed in perspiration, which was very enervating. So we conceived the idea of building a little covered balcony off their bedroom or nursery for sleeping purposes in hot weather.

Upon consulting a carpenter and studying the architecture of the house, such a small-sized porch seemed foolish looking, as it stuck in the center of the wide flat side of our house, so our carpenter prevailed—a sagacious person as well as one with a good head for business—and we had planned for us a porch large enough to accommodate our whole family, consisting of father, mother and the two kiddies.

Our porch faces the south, is nineteen feet long, nine feet high and nine feet wide. There are ten windows separated from one another by six inches of boarding. The windows are built about three feet from the floor so that the beds are sufficiently below them to prevent draughts over the heads of the sleepers. The windows are covered with copper wire netting and are dressed with khaki curtains arranged on poles which pull up and down like Japanese bamboo blinds.



KHAKI CURTAINS THAT WORK LIKE BAMBOO BLINDS

and fit into little wooden gutters when let down, fastening along the sides with metal screw eyes, which fit into metal eyelets, made in the sides of the curtains. These we found quite adequate to keep out almost any ordinary storm. We always came in during thunderstorms, as a matter of precaution and also of disappointment, for it invariably meant a spoiled night's rest.

The habit of sleeping out is an insidious one and precludes restful sleep indoors until you have become quite used to the change. Since we have slept out-of-doors until the middle of November, we have fastened storm windows in with

hinges from the tops like "batten windows," and hooked them to the roof of the porch when not in use. So now we need not come in for any sort of weather, using the khaki curtains only to keep out the sun. I forgot to mention that the roof



A SLEEPING TENT ON THE BALCONY

of our porch is canvas, stretched tight and painted. This was less expensive than a shingled roof and is cooler than a tin one.

Our beds are what are called single cots with woven springs. We regulate our bed clothes to the changes of the weather, sleeping on hot nights with a sheet and one thin blanket, and on cold ones between blankets with double blankets and eiderdown quilts over us, resorting also to hot water bags as occasion requires. To make the beds look tidy in the daytime, I made khaki covers for the beds and pillows, which keep out the weather as well, if an unexpected storm happens in the daytime, or there is much dampness.

We are convinced that sleeping out-of-doors is most beneficial to young and old. We find we do not have colds, our nerves are strengthened, blood is enriched, and we take on flesh. It stands to reason that the breathing of absolutely pure air all through the night cannot fail to have its good results. One's respiration in sleep is very slow and deep, so much so that there is but little circulation in the air about us when sleeping indoors. For a man working in a close office all day and having little opportunity to breathe fresh air, he may be sure, if sleeping out, to breathe good air for seven, eight or ten hours. In fact, we have gotten so keen on porch sleeping, that we are thinking seriously of taking it up in the city during the winter.

Our porch cost ninety dollars by contract to build; our beds, with mattress, twelve dollars each; the khaki curtains, five of them, each one of them covering two windows, cost twenty-five dollars, and the storm windows twenty-five dollars. Of course, a porch could be just half the size and be as practical as ours. But one may figure that out to suit the circumstances and requirements.

Sonny was Wise

Suspicious Neighbor—Did your mother have a rooster for dinner yesterday, sonny?

Sonny—Yes'm.

Suspicious Neighbor—A big one with black tail feathers?

Sonny—Dunno. Mother didn't cook the feathers.



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Proper Conduct and Ceremonial of the Wedding

By Mary Hutton Pell



RS. PELL, as head of the Bureau of Social Requirements in New York, is a foremost counsel and authority on matters of etiquette and deportment. Any questions relative to the wedding ceremony not answered here will receive prompt attention if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is sent with the request to Miss Muriel Grace, Etiquette Department, McCall's Magazine.

IN PLANNING the arrangements for a wedding and the many details that must be considered in connection with it, it is well to remember that simplicity should be the keynote of the whole affair.

Many very fashionable weddings are noted for their simplicity and for a complete absence of vulgar ostentation and display. Simplicity does not indicate poverty or narrow means, for if one has a thorough knowledge of the etiquette to be followed, and taste in the arrangement of the decorations both at the house and in the church, a charming effect can be produced at a moderate expense. The announcement of the engagement of the couple should always be made by the parents of the bride-to-be or by her nearest relative. A complete list of names should be made of the guests expected at the church, and also of those invited to the wedding breakfast. The invitations should be sent out three weeks before the wedding. The engraving of the invitations should be done in plain, block lettering, not in script, and as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arthur Meredith
requests the honor of your presence
at the marriage ceremony of their daughter

Janet

to
Mr. John Marshall Schuyler
on Wednesday, August the tenth
Nineteen-hundred and twelve

at
Trinity Church, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Enclosed with this invitation there should be an engraved card saying:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arthur Meredith
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding breakfast of their
daughter on Wednesday June the tenth.

R. S. V. P. 1665 Henley Terrace,
Greenwich, Connecticut.

The names of those accepting the invitation to the breakfast should be checked off on the original list, as each answer is received so that it can be definitely known how many persons are to be provided for.

The bride's family provides the carriages which take the bridesmaids to the church, the flowers which decorate the chancel and those used in decorating the house. The expense of the wedding breakfast is also borne by them, and the bride provides the boutonnieres for the groom and ushers. The bridegroom provides the bouquet for the bride and also those for the bridesmaids. He also gives his ushers the ties and gloves to be worn at the wedding. A very pretty effect in decorating the church is obtained by simply banking the chancel with palms, ferns and other greens which make a good background for the light colored gowns of the bride and bridesmaids. This can be done at a

very moderate cost, and it is not necessary to have flowers for this purpose.

Twelve o'clock, noon, or three o'clock are the fashionable hours for church weddings. The arrangements are as follows: Typewritten lists of the guests expected at the church are given to each usher, alphabetically arranged. The front pews on either side of the middle aisle are reserved for the families of the bride and groom, and the pews back of these for the relatives and personal friends. The church is opened half an hour before the time set for the ceremony, the ushers must be there at that time. Carriages having been sent for the bridesmaids, they should be in the vestibule of the church punctually at ten minutes before the bride arrives. When the latter arrives, the wedding procession is formed as follows:

The ushers walk up first, two by two, then the bridesmaids in the same manner, then the maid of honor alone (if there is one), and then the bride, who is taken up and given away by her father or nearest male relative. As the ushers arrive at the chancel, they divide, half of them going to the right, and half to the left, standing against the greens and facing the altar. The bridesmaids do the same, standing in front of the ushers. The maid of honor stands alone back of the bride to the left. As the bride advances to the chancel, and just as she reaches the steps, the groom who has been waiting with his best man, steps forward and taking her right hand walks with her to the altar. The father in the meantime taking his place near the maid of honor to the left. As the clergyman asks "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the father steps forward by the bride for an instant, and then resumes his place, or he can take his seat in the front pew with his family.

When the groom produces the ring to put upon the finger of the bride, the maid of honor steps to the left side of the bride and holds her bouquet. It is very important to remember that the third finger of the glove worn by the bride on the left hand, must be ripped on the inside so that it can be pushed aside for the ring to be placed on the finger. Immediately after the benediction is pronounced the clergyman shakes hands with both bride and groom and congratulates them. It is no longer customary for the groom to kiss the bride. As the couple turn from the altar to walk down the aisle, the maid of honor arranges the bride's train and joined by the best man walks out behind the bride and groom. Then come the bridesmaids, and after them the ushers.

FOR the reception at the house, one end of the drawing-room has been banked with greens and potted flowering plants, and the bride and groom stand here to receive the guests. At the door of the drawing-room stand the father and mother to greet them as they arrive. It is customary to have a table at which sit bride and groom, ushers and bridesmaids. Except at very elaborate wedding breakfasts the rest of the guests are not seated at tables, but the refreshments are passed to them in an informal manner.

Should one prefer a house wedding to one in church, it will be found a simple

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matter to arrange. The invitations are worded in the same manner as those issued for a wedding in church, with some omissions, namely

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arthur Meredith
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage ceremony of their daughter
Janet

to
Mr. John Marshall Schuyler
on Wednesday, August the tenth
at twelve o'clock, noon.

1665 Henley Terrace,
Greenwich, Connecticut.

All guests invited to a house wedding are expected to be present at the breakfast afterward. The arrangements for the marriage ceremony are as follows:

The front end of the drawing-room between the windows is filled with greens and potted flowering plants, the clergyman stands in front of these facing the room, at his feet is placed a "prie dieu," or kneeling bench (which can be rented for the occasion) arranged for the bride and groom to kneel upon. White satin ribbons are stretched from the front of the room on either side back to the end of the back drawing-room, making an aisle for the bridal procession. Musicians are placed in the rear end of the hall, and the guests stand (not sit, as there are no chairs) back of the ribbons. The bridal procession enters the side door of the back drawing-room in the same order that has been described for a wedding in church. The groom and best man waiting in front of the clergyman. The ushers and bridesmaids stand also as in a church wedding. The immediate members of the bride's, and bridegroom's families stand during the ceremony, back of the ribbons on either side of the bridal party.

+

AS A house wedding is much less formal than one in church, after the congratulations of the clergyman, it is customary for the bride's father and mother to kiss her, followed by the other members of her family, and the ribbons being immediately removed, the guests crowd forward and offer congratulations. The custom of having the bride (when going up to change the wedding gown for a traveling one), pause half way up the stairs and throw the wedding bouquet into the midst of her group of eager bridesmaids, is a charming one, and causes much laughter and gaiety, the superstition being that the maid who catches it will be married within the year. The throwing of quantities of rice, collections of old slippers and particularly the tying of white ribbons on the carriage of the bridal pair, is considered to be in bad taste.

When a couple desire to be married quietly in church, without invited guests, and the usual formalities in the way of a wedding party, flowers, reception, music, etc., the bride—who should be dressed in a smart, but simple traveling dress—and groom walk up the aisle arm in arm to the chancel, the best man and maid of honor follow them together. In this case, the groom and his best man are in morning dress, in keeping with the costume of the bride. The maid of honor is also in street costume. At a wedding of this kind should the bride prefer to be given away by some male relative or friend she walks up the aisle with him, and the groom and best man wait at the chancel steps just as is done at a more formal wedding. The maid of honor walks before the bride and stands on her left, and when the ring is placed on the bride's finger, holds her bouquet.



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Plumes and the Bride

(Continued from page 17)

"I hadn't," he confessed, "until Elsie called my attention to it in the theater. I only wish I had." He tossed his cigarette into the blaze. "Felice—did an express package come from mother today?"

"Yes," fearfully, "an old hat."

"My Mason's hat," groaned Mr. Blair. Then it was that the truth—the awful truth dawned upon Mrs. Blair. "Oh—Harry—how was I to know? I thought it was some old thing your mother had sent for me to make over."

"I thought you knew," he said ruefully. Mrs. Blair was all contrition now.

"You poor boy," she wailed, "you must have been mortified to death—me sitting there in that box—splurging your masonic plumes before the eyes of all your brother Masons. Why—Harry," she protested, "I wouldn't have dreamed of doing such a thing if I'd known—no more than I would dream of reading your Masonic books."

She unpinned her beautiful hat and began to remove the unfortunate plumes. "I'll put them back on your hat right now—it's up in the attic, Harry." She sighed regretfully. "They are such exquisite things."

Mr. Blair went upstairs after his abused hat. The attic was as his wife had left it that morning, pathetically strewn with her discarded millinery. He was touched. "Plucky little girl," he muttered. "I've been a pig. Here she's been, working like a Trojan—and all I've done in return is to spoil her whole evening."

Repentant and ashamed, he hurried down to his wife. "Felice," he began, "tomorrow—you go downtown and get yourself the prettiest hat you can find—and then—in the evening we'll go to the theater and take in that blessed show all over again."

"Oh—no, dear," she said firmly. "I don't really need a hat now—really I don't. Besides—there's—there's—something—" The lovely color warmed young Mrs. Blair's cheeks; her eyes filled with a beautiful light, dreamy and tender, and, throwing her arms around her husband's neck, she tremulously whispered her secret. At which, Mr. Blair, a strange new light in his own eyes, flung his Mason's hat into the farthest corner and jubilantly drew her into his arms.

The Reincarnation of Miss Hetty

(Continued from page 27)

The summer moonlight streamed in through the open window of the upper bedroom of the trim little cottage. The gnarled old apple tree swayed dreamily in the soft breeze, and peeped quietly in the window. What it saw made it wave a green bough softly and whisper, "Hush! Hush!"

In a little white bed by the window lay the child asleep. One dimpled arm lay outside the coverlet, and his golden curls were spread out on the pillow. Miss Hetty watched by his side. Then she did an unheard-of thing. She leaned over and kissed him gently—oh, so gently, on his rosy lips. She knelt down softly—so softly by the bed and buried her face. The child opened his eyes and laid one chubby hand caressingly against her wrinkled face. The old apple tree drew away, scarce rustling a leaf.

"Sh-h!" it murmured. "Sh-h-h-h!"

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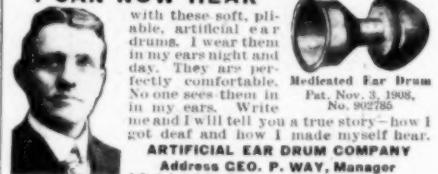
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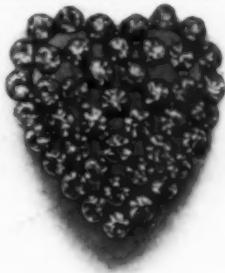
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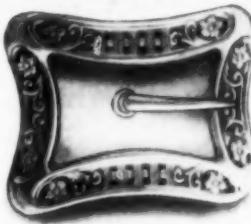


Premium 964

Premium 964—This stylish new brooch is the same size as the illustration. It is certainly a beauty and one which the most refined woman will be glad to wear. We have seen this brooch priced at \$1.50 in New York department stores. We send it prepaid for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

A Pair of Stylish Sterling Silver Front Slipper Buckles

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 968

Premium 968—There is an air of style and distinction about these exquisite buckles; fashionable French-gray finish. This makes a very nice premium for yourself or a gift for a friend. A pair of these sterling silver front buckles will be sent prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Mail to us the names and addresses of your subscribers, together with 50 cents for each subscription. Mention number and size of free pattern selected by each subscriber. All 50-cent new and renewal subscriptions—even your own—count toward premiums. When remitting use Money Orders for amounts over \$1.00 and two-cent stamps for smaller orders. Which premiums do you want? Remember they are all guaranteed to please you. Better start getting subscriptions today.

Beautiful Silk Parasol

Given for only 8 McCall subscriptions



Premium 887

Premium 887—If you were to pay \$2.50 on Fifth Avenue, New York, you could not purchase a more stylish and attractive parasol. It is made of excellent quality pure silk taffeta, on eight ribs paragon frame. You may have your choice of tan, blue, white, hunter green, pink and Copenhagen blue. Handles in black and color mission wood to match the taffeta; silk tassel to match. This beautiful parasol sent for only 8 yearly subscriptions, or for 5 subscriptions and 50 cents extra. Receiver to pay express charges. We will prepay expressage for 25 cents additional.

Two Beautiful Gold-Filled Brooches

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions

Premium 809-811—Here is a big summer special. Each of the brooches included in this remarkable offer are regularly offered for 2 subscriptions, but until October 1, we will send prepaid, two different valuable and attractive brooches that are guaranteed to please you, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. You may exchange them for another premium if you are not more than delighted.

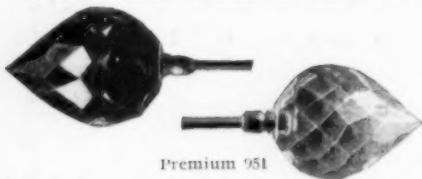
McCall Premiums Are Always a Surprise Because They Are Better Than Expected

[Address all orders to The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City]

These Are All Yours for Easy Work

Two Handsome Cut Crystal Hat Pins

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 951

Premium 951—These hat pins are very neat and stylish. The head of each is the same size stone as shown in the illustration. The pins are $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. We can supply them in either amethyst or white stone. State which you desire. Send only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each and get two of these beautiful hat pins free.

Beautiful Egyptian Diamond Slipper Buckles

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 961

Premium 961—A pair of these stylish buckles will simply double the attractiveness of your slippers. These buckles will be worn more than ever this year and the pair we offer are so brilliant that they will meet the approval of every woman who receives them.

Is a premium out of the ordinary and one every reader should earn. This \$1.25 pair of buckles sent prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Stylish New Diagonal Setting Ring

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 910

Premium 910—This ring is 12 karat gold-filled with a fine rose-gold finish. Has three brilliant stones—two imitation diamonds with a ruby in the center. The artistic chasing gives the ring the same effect that is found only in high-priced rings. This ring will please any woman of refinement. Sent free, prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Mention size.

Our Prettiest Ring—Solid Gold

Given for only 4 McCall subscriptions



Premium 914

Premium 914—Here is a new ring which we will guarantee without reserve, to please the most fastidious woman. Has two brilliant rubies and three pearls, very handsomely mounted on 8 karat solid gold. You will be delighted with this ring, which we will send to you, prepaid, for only 4 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Comes only in sizes 5, 6, 7 and 8. Mention size desired.

Five-Stone Band Setting Ring

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 913

Premium 913—This exquisite ring is 12 karat gold-filled; contains brilliant sapphire with 2 attractive Egyptian diamonds on each side. This is a ring which will appeal to people who are noted for their good taste. Sent prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Mention size.

Large Two-Stone Ring

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 912

Premium 912—This 12-karat gold-filled ring has the appearance of big value. You may have your choice of either two large pearls or two large Egyptian diamonds. Either setting will please you. Sent prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Mention size.

HOW TO ORDER A RING

RING MEASURE



To get correct ring size, measure from star at top of "Ring Measure" with a piece of stiff paper that fits the finger and goes over knuckle. The number that the paper reaches to is your size. Send number only. Don't send slip of paper. Be sure to give correct size. We cannot exchange rings for other sizes when wrong size is given by club-raiser unless 10 cents is sent us when the ring is returned. 9 is our largest size in any ladies' ring.

Parisian Art Silver Jewelry Box

Given for only 3 McCall subscriptions



Premium 949

Premium 949—This elegant box looks even richer than the beautiful parisian ivory which is having such a tremendous vogue now. The box has the appearance of real ivory, except where the pure silver plate is hand burnished and hand tinted. The deposit of pure silver is made on a composition metal base so there is no wear-out to this article. It is silk lined and silk corded; is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide and 2 inches high. Price \$1.25. Sent prepaid, for only 3 yearly subscriptions for McCall's at 50 cents each.

4 Gold-Filled Cuff and Collar Pins

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 953—Here is an entirely new design that is admired by all who see it. The engraved effect at each end of these pins together with the plain center produce a very stylish effect. These pins are guaranteed for five years. Worth \$1.00, but we give them free, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Premium 953

Fancy Amethyst Ring

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 911

Premium 911—This exceptionally pretty ring has a brilliant amethyst in the center and a small Egyptian diamond on each side. The mounting is very attractive and it would take an expert to distinguish this from a ring that costs \$3.00 or \$4.00. If it does not please you, return it and select something else. One of these dandy rings, sent prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Mention size.

Earn One McCALL PREMIUM and You Will Surely Want More

[We guarantee all rings for three years]

[Address all orders to The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City]

Extraordinary New Premium Offers

Strong, Light Traveling Bag

Given for only 5 McCall subscriptions



Premium 636

Premium 636—Thousands are discarding heavy leather baggage and are carrying instead the wonderful Japanese Club Bag. Weighs less than two pounds, yet is strong, durable and can be washed. We will send a bag like illustration—leather trimmed, two neat brass catches, lock and key, covered handle, size 16 x 10 x 8 inches—for only 5 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Receiver to pay express charges.

Gold-Plated Neck Chain and Locket

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 965

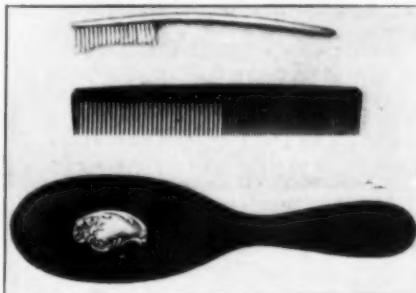
Premium 965—This extraordinary offer represents such great value, that it hardly seems possible. The chain is over 21 inches in length and the locket, attached to the chain, is finished in roman gold plate, set with brilliant imitation diamonds.

This lovely locket and chain looks exactly like one a jeweler would charge

several dollars for. Of course, this premium has not as much gold, but it is guaranteed both by the manufacturers and ourselves to retain its color and finish for one year. We will send the locket and chain prepaid, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Hair Brush, Comb and Tooth Brush

All given for only 2 McCall subscriptions

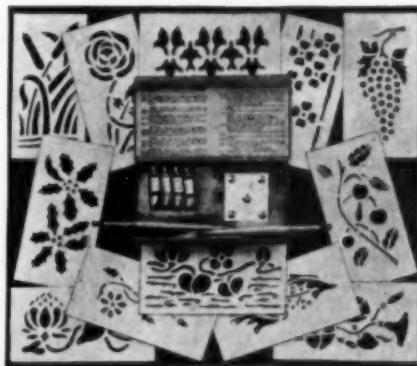


Premium 944

Premium 944—This is a most remarkable offer, as the hair brush alone is worth 2 subscriptions. It has splendid bristles and handsome ebonoid handle and back with a gun metal ornament. The comb is 7 inches long and the tooth brush is the prophylactic style that good dentists recommend. This splendid set of three necessary toilet articles sent free, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Worth double.

Complete Stencil Outfit

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 931

Premium 931—We have given thousands of stencil outfits for 4 subscriptions during the past two years, but have never before been able to offer a large stencil outfit like this for only 2 subscriptions. This splendid outfit contains 12 beautiful cut stencil designs, 4 tubes of assorted colors, 5 solid head thumb tacks, 2 stencil brushes, directions for stenciling, etc., all enclosed in a strong cardboard box. It is only by purchasing thousands of these outfits, that we are able to offer you one prepaid, for the very small club of 2 subscriptions at 50 cents each. No woman should miss this exceptional opportunity.

Six Embroidered Handkerchiefs

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions



Premium 956

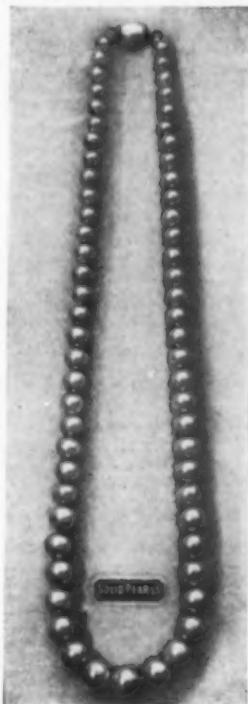
Premium 956—These beautiful hand-embroidered effect, ladies' handkerchiefs, are made of fine quality of Irish Shamrock Linen; the embroidery work is very dainty and attractive. We will send you one-half dozen, assorted patterns, free, for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. This is exceptional value.

Exquisite Pearl Bead Necklace

Given for only 2 McCall subscriptions

Premium 943—This new premium is the biggest value we are offering this year. This small illustration and our few words are wholly inadequate to give you an idea of the richness and loveliness of this substantial gift.

Each pearl bead in this pretty necklace is well formed, richly tinted and strung on a double strand of strong silk thread. As a premium for only 2 yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each, this magnificent necklace is a world-beater.



Premium 943

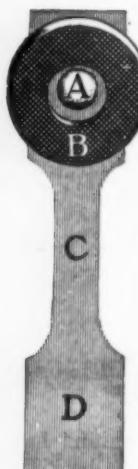
Illustration is half actual size

The Above Represent the Greatest Values We Have Ever Given for 2 Subscriptions

[Start to earn these premiums today]

[Address all orders to The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City]

That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn. B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once. C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable. D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (15c)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Nosoreness, no discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

Why I Prefer to Live in the Country

(Continued from page 15)

I was a young man when I first went to Chicago to make my way. I'm still young for that matter, for it's been only five years since I left there. I liked it fairly well had an "average" job with a publishing house and in the evenings, with nothing in particular to do, a friend and I would go downtown to the theater, parks or wherever our fancies led us. No dullness or monotony, always something new to see. Then I married. I was lucky in getting about the finest girl there ever was, one who, like myself, had been raised in a small town. Next the baby arrived and we commenced to think how difficult it would be to bring him up properly in the city. Well, to shorten the story, we came here late in February, did a little house-hunting and found just the thing we wanted.

We have space for a nice chicken house and runway, and when eggs are forty cents a dozen or more, the returns from our flock more than pay for the trouble. All the eggs we want for the table and for cooking, and every Sunday or two, a nice chicken fried or broiled. Then, through the spring we have our own lettuce, beans, peas, sweet corn and the like. In the summer there is the hoeing to be done, chickens to be looked after, lawn to be cut, raked and sprinkled, and at night we sleep like logs. The neighbors are congenial and we know half the people for a mile or two round about. But, above all, there has never been any ill-health in the family since we've lived here, and I don't believe the record would have read that way had we stayed in the city. We have our little place nearly paid for, and in a short time, can call it our own.—E. E. L., near Rock Island, Illinois.

+

HAVING lived in the country, and in larger cities in Texas and California, I have decided in favor of the country. We do not suffer from false bottom measures, unreliable scales and cold storage eggs in the country. The garden back of the house supplies us with fresh vegetables. We retire at night without thinking of the sneak thief, and what precious little jewelery we have, we generally wear.

The social advantages of the country are in many ways preferable. I had rather attend an ice-cream party or a husking-bee in the country, where the mothers, fathers and the whole family go, than to attend any dinner, moving-picture show party, or what not, in town.

Give me the country, where Jimmie Smith courts Martha Jane Peabody every Sunday evening, and where they get married, and settle down to the honest work of building a home and raising healthy children. I love the people who are in the city laboring for the better things, but as for me, my friends, a small cottage by the country roadside.—C. W. C., Texas.

Men and wimmin is diffunt, but putty much all boys am erlike.

It ain't what a man is dat makes him happy in dis yere worl'; it's whut he thinks he is.

It am a mighty hard matter foh us to see de bad p'ints in a thief dat is willin' to lend us money, or de good p'ints in a hones' man dat hab 'fused to do us a favoh. Dar ain't a weaker raskil in dis yere worl dan human natur'.



Prize Offer To the person sending in the best (in our opinion) reasons why Mentholatum should be used in Summer, we will give Ten Dollars (\$10.00). To all giving their reasons for using Mentholatum we will send an Aluminum Drinking Cup.

Letters must reach us by Sept. 1st. All you have to do is write

THE MENTHOLATUM CO. 135 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MENTHOLATUM

I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY. \$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval.

Choice of natural way or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and I will mail a 22-inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big disappointment in ten days, or sell it and GET YOUR MONEY BACK. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pomanders, Wigs, Puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell my hair goods.

ANNA ATHERS, Dept. K-2, 22 Quincy Street, Chicago

SQUEAKS

stopped; "Lin-One" oils everything right, locks, clocks, hinges, sewing machines, typewriters; generous free samples sent by 3 IN 1 OIL CO., 42 D-H, Broadway, New York.

"Mum"

is a comfort at all seasons—a necessity in hot weather. Used after the bath it

takes all odor out of perspiration

by gently neutralizing it and keeps the body sweet all day.

Not perfumed. Does not injure skin or clothing. Little needed at a time is applied in a moment.

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum", send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

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SALARIES**

We will send any American over 18 years of age, who can read and write, The Civil Service Book, showing how to qualify at home to pass any Civil Service examination. During the past year over 700 of our students have secured desirable Government positions.

International Correspondence Schools, Box 1106, Scranton, Pa.

FIX-IT

Repair Furniture without glue
Sample Package 10c
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Fix-It Mfg. Co., 1 Wall St., Binghamton, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED
Quick Sales. Big Profit.

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



—for making summer's toilet more daintily refreshing—for adding to personal comfort and to personal charm—for meeting every requirement of refined taste.

Colgate's Talc is a summer necessity—soothing the irritation of sun-burn and wind-burn and making dressing comfortable.

Colgate's offers the widest choice of perfume—*Monad Violet* (new), *Cashmere Bouquet*, *Violet*, *Eclat* (new), *Dactylis* and *Unscented*.

Colgate's Cold Cream also belongs among your hot weather requirements to give cleanliness, comfort, charm.

Your dealer will supply you—get Colgate's from him.
Or send us 4c in stamps for a dainty trial box of talc
(mentioning perfume desired) or tube of cold cream.

COLGATE & CO., (Established 1806)
Dept. L. 199 Fulton Street New York
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

notes

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